

ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

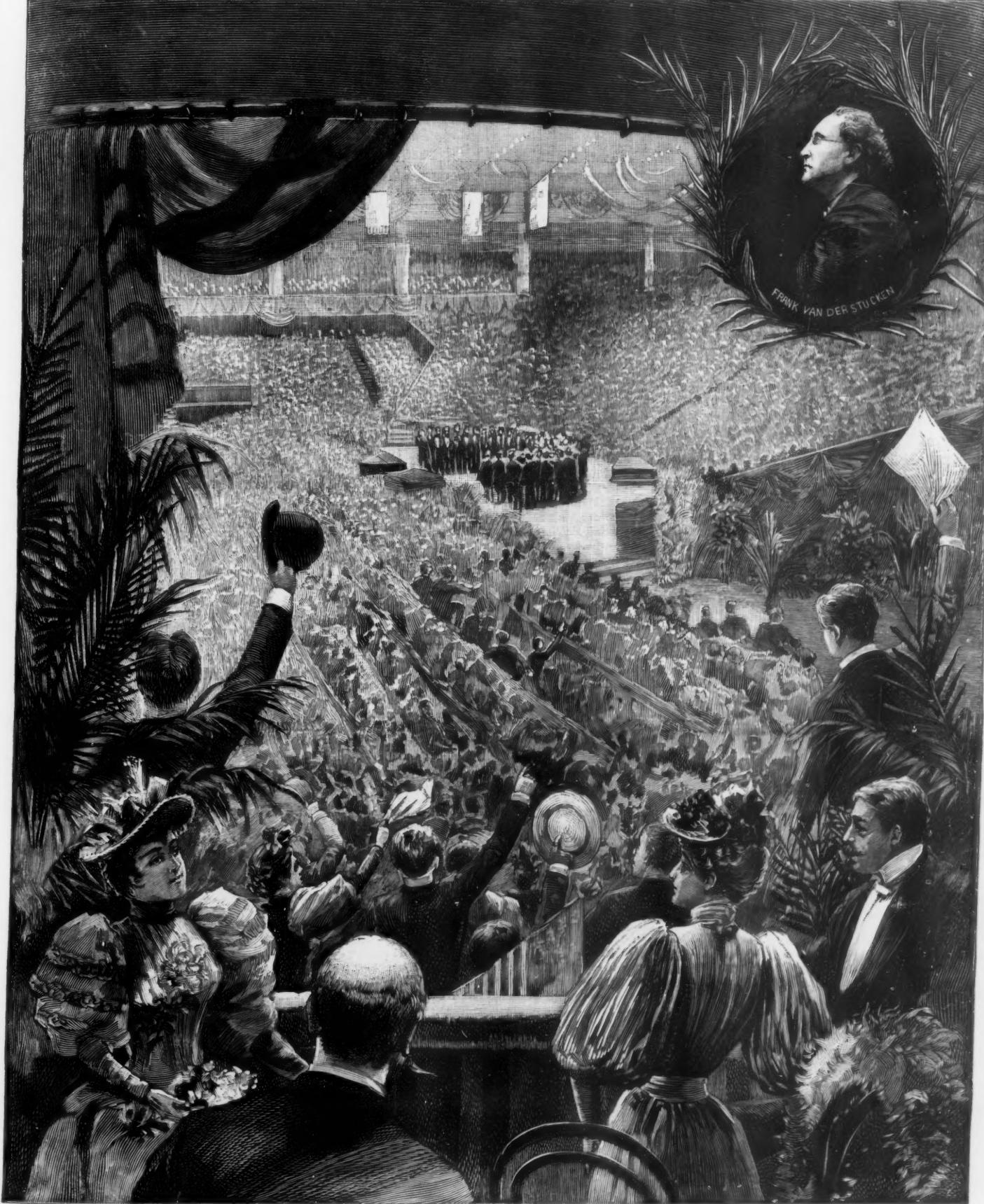
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1894.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

WELL, what is civilization going to do about it all?

ANARCHISM has declared war against all government. The Anarchist believes in having no government, no laws, no restraints, no compulsion by the State.

FOR the prevention of disorder and the maintenance of justice between man and man, Anarchism says we must depend upon each man's just regard for his neighbor. This terrible vagary of intellect has come to the Anarchist by the Evolutionary process of Atavism, or Reversion, from the very earliest condition of Primeval Man. Anarchism is the full expression of atheistic philosophy as applied to the science of sociology.

WE are accustomed to look upon the Anarchist as an essentially criminal animal, in whom the Bump of Destroyiveness is abnormally developed. He is regarded by all classes as ripe fruit for the guillotine, the garrote, the rope and the electric chair. Hence it is that, after the assassination of President Carnot, last week, loud calls for drastic measures against Anarchism were sent up from every quarter of the globe. Representative Stone of Pennsylvania proposed a law of Congress to punish by death any attempt upon the life of a Federal Government official, even if such attempt were unsuccessful; just as France has made malicious bombing a capital offense, whether attended by fatal results or not.

LAWS that will reach Anarchist attempts upon human life are already on our statute books. Europe has laws more severe than ours. And yet the Anarchist is more defiant than ever. He seems to have less regard than ever for his own safety. Santo, who killed President Carnot, did not care if the enraged populace tore him to pieces the next minute. We are told that Henry, who was executed a few weeks since in Paris, was unconscious before the knife of the guillotine severed the head from the body. These stray specimens from the far-off period of our racial infancy know no fear, no hereafter, no punishment except the punishment of restraint. They are a living protest against the higher stage of human development that civilized man has attained. In the light of the most generally accepted conclusions of modern advanced science, the Anarchist is the product of Atavism, or Reversion. He inherits more of the traits of savagery than of his more immediate ancestors.

THEN, why put him to death? Sparta put inferior human specimens to death in infancy. Our civilization cannot tolerate that. We must wait, it seems, until the grown-up Anarchist makes an attempt upon human life, or throws a bomb that destroys property. But do we have to wait until the harm is done? Is there not some way to reach this dangerous, but very infinitesimal element, in modern life? Should not civilization be ashamed of itself thus to allow this mere speck upon the main wheel to disarrange and threaten the whole complex machinery?

ONCE A WEEK.

YOU may not think that Anarchism is disarranging things in this country to any great extent. But I am very much afraid that the tarring and feathering of Adjutant-General Tarsney, near Denver, last week, was a symptom of Anarchy—as are also the riotous proceedings in the coke regions of Pennsylvania; the growing, perhaps unconscious, contempt for government all over the country in the guise of opposing the "bosses"; the frequent attempts to use municipal administration and even the courts of justice for private and questionable ends. Anybody who does not feel there is growing Anarchy in the air we breathe, must be easy-going, indeed.

* * *

THE ounce of prevention that is better than the pound of cure will not work in the plan I propose for the regulation and suppression of Anarchism. We will need a pound of prevention instead of the ounce of cure that is now being uselessly, if not harmfully, applied. The professed Anarchist, or the known member of any such "society," can be handled best by "railroading." The first thing in order is an examination as to his sanity. There need be no great hurry with the examination. But as soon as he is known to be an Anarchist he should be held at once to await examination. He has said, or perhaps will say on trial, that rulers and police are tyrants, who, for the good of the human race, ought to be killed. If we have no law defining this declaration as riotous and making it punishable by imprisonment, let us have one at once, with a good long term. On the expiration of the term the Anarchist must leave town. If he does not, under the very best police court practice of to-day even, he can be re-arrested. There can be no question that the Anarchist is, under existing law, far more truly a suspicious character than the poor wretches who spend most of their time living in jails and workhouses for petty offenses, or for being found without visible means of support.

* * *

IF the examination as to the Anarchist's sanity results in a decision that he is temporarily insane, and cannot be sent to prison, then let the proper authorities begin at once the work of reclaiming him. Make him work. Make him obey rules, abstain from beer, wash himself, eat regularly, and gradually throw off his crankiness and his oddities.

* * *

IN many cities of the Union there is a police procedure something like this: The habitual criminal is sent to the workhouse for thirty days. He comes back to his old haunts, where he is best posted and can ply his traffic to most advantage. The patrolman has instructions to watch for him. If he does not show some inclination to go to work and live honestly, he is taken, after a few days, and sent up again on a charge of disorderly behavior. In this way thousands of dangerous characters are kept moving back and forth from the workhouse all the time. If the streets can be kept clear of these—who, in many cases, are unfortunate wretches, the victims of heredity and environment—I do not see why the Anarchist cannot, and should not, be handled in like manner. Let us try "railroading" on the anti-government people.

* * *

IF you are going to relate an anecdote and wish it to be appreciated, begin by saying: "General So-and-So or Governor So-and-So takes great delight in telling this story."

* * *

SENATOR HILL continued his fight against the income tax all last week; but that measure seems destined to become a part of our new fiscal system—unless, indeed, Congress should finally drop the whole subject and let the McKinley Law stand until after the Congressional elections in the fall.

* * *

ONCE A WEEK does not look upon the income tax as a separate measure, but as a part—very probably a necessary part—of the original Wilson-Cleveland scheme. It is a matter of history that when England finally abandoned the protective tariff, under Peel, in 1846, it had previously been decided to continue the income tax, begun in 1842; that free trade and the income tax were the two parts of England's future fiscal system, the income tax making up to the Government the revenue lost by the abolition of duties on imports. Free raw material and the gradual abolition of protective duties is the spirit, if not the letter, of the Democratic policy, as represented by platform and leaders. When Senator Hill advocates a tariff for revenue only, he means a tariff which will produce sufficient revenue without an income tax. The Wilson-Cleveland policy recognizes the claim that tariff reform will involve such a reduction of revenue that the income tax will be needed to supply the resulting deficiency. Senator Hill's recent arguments are not convincing to his fellow-Democratic Senators, because he does not favor, while they do, a Democratic tariff reform measure, even at the cost of a revolution in our entire fiscal system. The senior Senator from New York is not a tariff reformer at all. He is not an anti-protectionist.

* * *

ONCE A WEEK opposes the income tax for two reasons: First, because it is a tax upon particular individuals for the general good; and, secondly, because it is part of a plan to wipe out at one stroke—and not grad-

ually, as even England did the job—a protective system under which the country has prospered fairly well for a quarter of a century. Senator Hill opposes the income tax for the first of these among other less important reasons. But he denies that the proposed Democratic tariff reductions will so reduce the revenues as to make the income tax necessary.

* * *

SENATOR HILL's denial is made in face of the fact that, even at present, Treasury receipts show an alarming falling off. That fact is not conclusive against the Senator's estimate of what the receipts may be when business is once more in normal condition and the present uncertainty no longer disturbs or makes impossible altogether the usual calculations of commerce and manufacture. I am aware, also, that low rates of duty may yield greater customs receipts than high rates; but this can be done only by increased importations—which is not a good thing for a debtor country like this. Whatever may be the outcome, or whatever the future may have in store, one thing is certain, and that is, the country is tired and disgusted, besides being driven to the verge of bankruptcy, by the failure of Congress to do something. After nearly two years of suspense, it would be no more than fair if Congress gave the country a breathing spell by dropping the tariff question altogether until the new Congress is seated.

* * *

THE man who prefers a good book or newspaper to the society of his fellow-man may not be social, but he is never a fool.

* * *

MADAME PATTI made a new departure at one of the concerts given recently in the Albert Hall, London, by singing, for the first time in her career, an item by Wagner. Her choice was the exquisite little song "Träume," one of the "Fünf Gedichte," and it is said the *prima donna* added new beauties to it by her peculiar intonation and delicate phrasing.

* * *

RED noses! It occasionally happens that persons entirely innocent of even the taste of spirituous drink are nevertheless afflicted with one of the most distressing symptoms of inebriety—namely, a red nose. This decidedly annoying condition of the most prominent feature of the face has been successfully treated by the systematic application of the galvanic current. A certain amount of patience is required to undergo the treatment, as ten to fifteen, and even more, applications may be necessary, at intervals of two to three days. The result, however, is eminently satisfactory. Helbing, a German physician with whom the treatment originated, states that he has never known it to fail.

* * *

THOSE who are accustomed to associate the "pernicious" habit of smoking with the vice of intemperance will perhaps be surprised to learn, on the authority of an English writer and clubman, that, far from stimulating the taste for liquor, the practice of smoking after dinner has almost done away with the custom of drinking among the upper classes. Exception may be taken to the cure on the grounds that it is nearly as objectionable as the disease; but, on the whole, the most violent anti-smokingite must admit that one's husband is less to be despised when he comes home between two and three in the morning with a cigar between his lips than if he remained under the banqueting-table until removed by main force, in the fashion of his bulbous ancestors.

* * *

ONE who attains greatness enjoys and appreciates it more than he who is born great or who has greatness thrust upon him.

* * *

THE slot business has begun to take rather attractive forms. For the hot weather an enterprising citizen of Harlem has started a penny-in-the-slot lemonade machine. You drop a penny and down pours the acidulated fluid into a glass, and you get your lemon—aided by ice and sugar. In London, they say, the slot business is applied to gas—illuminating gas. All you have to do is to drop the penny into the slot, and presto! a pennyworth of gas (some cubic feet) is supplied to your chamber. Great age this! What next? Let it be something unlike the lemonade slot—that is, if the manufacturing part is to resemble that adopted by the Harlem genius, who stirs the lemon juice, water and sugar, then tastes it, and afterward pours the balance in the tasted glass back into the pail!

* * *

KIND words are windows to the soul through which the sunshine enters.

* * *

WELL, here is one rift in the cloud that hovers upon the Treasury. Commissioner Lochren reports a saving of \$25,000,000 in the Pension Office. The soldier boy has not "gone back" on the country yet. If the Senate bargain counter can squeeze \$25,000,000 more out of Canadian lumber and Australian wool, that will make \$50,000,000, which may be debited to the cash account of the country. If the bookkeeper cannot find the cash, what is the difference? Has not the country at large got in its pocket that money which would otherwise go out for wool to the purse-proud farmers of Ohio and California, for lumber to the pine barons from Maine to Texas, and to the

soldiers who will persist in being feeble in middle age, though they were not shot through the body at all during the war?

* * *

A WHILE ago the San Francisco *Chronicle* called attention to the fact that there are certain camels now running wild in Arizona. Where did they come from? Easily explained. Before the days of railroads in the Great Basin region twelve "ships of the desert" were brought to Virginia City to be used in transporting salt from the Salt Springs salt marsh to the Comstock reduction works. They proved too slow, though quite equal to crossing the deserts with heavy loads. So they passed through different hands, until purchased by a Frenchman, who had been in Algeria, and in fact owed the saving of his life to a camel. This good Frenchman turned them loose to roam at will. They increased and multiplied. In a few years they had increased from twelve to thirty-six, when the Frenchman sold them "to be taken down to Arizona to be used in packing ore down off a big mountain range. It was said there was a good smooth trail, but the animals found all the rocks and soon became footsore and useless, when all were turned adrift to shift for themselves. They have regained the instincts of the original wild state of their species and are very wary and swift. They fly into waterless wastes impenetrable to man when approached. Some of the old animals, however, occasionally appear in the vicinity of the settlements. Of late it is reported that the cattlemen have been shooting them for some reason, perhaps because they frighten and stampede their horses. No one knows how many camels are now running at large in the wilds of the Gila country, but there must be a great number. One is occasionally caught. Four years ago one was captured near to Gila Bend that measured over nine feet in height. It appeared to be a stray from one of the herds in that region."

* * *

No little anxiety was felt by the numerous friends of Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, on hearing of the accident which befell him, last week, at Ogden, N. J., and of his subsequent illness. Mr. Edison was sitting on the veranda, and attempted to tilt back his chair, when it suddenly collapsed, and he fell backward with unpleasant force. He was apparently uninjured, but a day or two after complained of feeling ill, alarming his friends, who feared he might have sustained internal injuries. Dr. Fewsmit of Newark was summoned, but pronounced his patient to be suffering from intestinal trouble only, and promised his speedy recovery. According to the latest accounts received, Mr. Edison is doing well, but has been warned by his medical adviser to keep away from his laboratory during the warm weather. Vain warning. The Wizard of Llewellyn is not to be restrained in that way. The only plan in the case of a man like Edison is to kidnap and put him on board a clipper ship bound around Cape Horn to San Francisco, without stops. Then the wonderful brain would be rested.

* * *

M. CASIMIR-PERIER was elected President of France, June 27, by the National Assembly, sitting at Versailles, to succeed President Carnot, who was assassinated at Lyons, June 24. The National Assembly for the election of President of France is composed of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. The new President received 451 votes, out of a total vote of 845. The Senate gave a majority for him, but he received a minority vote of the Chamber of Deputies. This indicates that the latter body will oppose Casimir-Perier from the beginning.

* * *

WHEN the late President Carnot was elected, he promised not to exercise his constitutional right to dissolve the Parliament whenever he thought it necessary in order to carry a point against the Chamber of Deputies. The new President refused to give the same pledge when pressed by the Radicals to do so, and it is generally believed that France is just entering upon a period of fierce political strife.

* * *

CASIMIR-PERIER is a strong Conservative. In the coming struggle with Radicals and Socialists he will be in the thick of the fight, and will endeavor to direct the affairs of government. If the Chamber of Deputies oppose his measures too strongly he will dissolve Parliament, with, probably, the support of the Senate. In case the people return another Chamber of Deputies with a Radical predominance, all the President will have to do is resign.

* * *

I WILL not attempt to forecast the future in this direction. It is safe to say, however, that Radicalism and Socialism are, for the time being, less popular than ever in France. This may be the last chance the people of France will have to choose between rational liberty, on one hand, and an empire, or a turbulent revolutionary republic, on the other. No intelligent friend of France will deny that concessions to Radicalism in the past have done more harm than good. If, now, the Conservatives make terms with other political sections, the Radicals should be asked to make some concessions for the general good. The French people, certainly, cannot enjoy a situation in which the Republic stands on a

narrow ledge between the two precipices of Monarchism and Radicalism. The election of Casimir-Perier I regard as a step forward toward the development of a real commonwealth in France, because he has refused further concessions to that section of extremists (the Radicals) which has had practically its own way since MacMahon was forced into retirement, and because he refuses to be a figure head.

* * *

The people of this country have many reasons to wish well to France. No one here seems to doubt the stability of the French Republic. This is a case wherein the wish is, no doubt, father to the thought. We may gain a little light on the subject by looking at the condition that now confronts the new President. The Ministry have certain measures to put through, and they alone are responsible to the country. If the President attempts to interfere, the Ministry may resign. The stronger and more determined and the less a figure-head the President is, the more likely he is to cause trouble. If the President dissolves Parliament and is supported by the Senate, the whole question is thrown once more into the turmoil of popular agitation and unrest.

* * *

I MAINTAIN that the French Republic is not yet a reality. The present form of government was made. It did not come by natural process of development. All that the friends of popular institutions can hope for just now is, that Casimir-Perier may be a real President, that the Ministry may co-operate with him, and that the impending dissolution of Parliament may be followed by a popular verdict in favor of a rational liberty. The death of so good a Frenchman as Sadi Carnot is a great price to pay for it; but if the French people will bury their dissensions and their irreligious tendencies in his grave, he will not have died in vain.

* * *

THE new President is the third distinguished Frenchman of the name. His grandfather was Prime Minister under Louis Philippe, in 1831, and distinguished himself against the revolutionists of that time. His father was Minister of the Interior, under Thiers—1871-72. The present Casimir-Perier is known as the representative of moderate Republicanism in France. Two years ago he was approached by a Monarchist agent, in the interest of the Count of Paris. He was offered a Dukedom or a Chancellory under the proposed restoration of monarchy. His reply is significant at this time. He told the agent that it was greater honor to be a citizen of France than to be a Duke. He also advised the Count of Paris to give up all hope of a restoration, because the Third Republic would continue to live.

* * *

As said before, this is, perhaps, the last chance the French people will have to choose the right. They have a strong President and a patriotic Frenchman to follow. The people of the United States will be glad to see them do it.

* * *

IT seems that President Cleveland failed to do something that ought to have been done—according to diplomatic etiquette—respecting the assassination of President Carnot. It is more than whispered about that he ought to have gone personally to express his regret to Ambassador Patenotre, and that his Secretary of State and his private secretary ought to have had gumption enough to remind him of this solemn duty. And, what is still worse, the diplomats are of "unanimous agreement" that President Cleveland cannot absolve himself of this grave breach of etiquette by now making an official call upon the French Ambassador. Ward McAllister's opinion on the point has not yet been announced, and the great public will reserve its decision until Mac speaks. I fear it will be very severe, however, for the leader of the "Four Hundred" is known to be savagely down on the White House etiquette in general and the Cleveland etiquette in particular. By Cleveland I include the Cabinet Ministers, who are not up to the Bayard-Whitney standard, in McAllister's opinion, and shed no lustre on the social side of the Administration.

* * *

IT is not to be forgotten that Mrs. Gresham, wife of the Secretary of State, made a sad, *faux-pas* last winter when she included among her guests "the wife of the keeper of the hotel in which the Gresham family live." It was a luncheon in honor of the President's wife, to which the ladies of the diplomatic corps were bidden. Can't you imagine the horror of the diplomatic ladies at such an extreme violation of the proprieties? If you can't, don't ask me to explain, for I won't and—I can't. Let any curious reader wishing enlightenment write for information to some member of the diplomatic corps, who "all excuse the breach of etiquette, but gossip about it none the less."

* * *

OVER here we look to the substance more than the form, don't you think so, readers of ONCE A WEEK? We don't consider the mere mandates of etiquette, diplomatic or otherwise, as of the essence of things. So long as the heart and conscience are all right, we are willing to exist without the externals and mere fripperies. And in this case France knows—Madame Carnot knows—that the great heart of Republican America throbs in sympathy, and that President Cleve-

land showed it sufficiently by his well-chosen words of condolence. Let the little diplomatic soul enjoy its precious *til-bits*. It would be a pity to rob it of the few comforts it enjoys in Republican America.

* * *

THERE are some unpleasant incidents reported connected with the arrival of President Carnot's remains in Paris. When the body arrived not a single Minister of Government was present to receive it. As the coffin was being borne from the hearse to the Elysee Palace it slipped from the grasp of some of the men, and fell upon and painfully injured three of them who had retained their grasp. When the coffin was carried into the palace M. Carnot's coachman, who was greatly attached to him, died of grief. Let us hope these unpleasant incidents do not foreshadow any further dire happenings!

* * *

SANTO, the assassin of President Carnot, will be tried July 23, and in the meantime he will be watched to prevent his cheating the guillotine. In his cell in St. Paul Prison, at Lyons, he sleeps well, and seems indifferent to the fate that awaits him. What difference, think you, does it make to such as Santo, whether the end comes to-morrow or a month from now? And are such men of sound mind? Why should not the State take charge of the Anarchist before he kills such a good man as President Carnot?

* * *

THE funeral services over the remains of President Carnot were held at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Sunday, July 1. Interment was in the Panthéon, where so many other illustrious Frenchmen are resting. I cannot close this paragraph without a feeling of very deep sorrow that such a good man as Sadi Carnot should have met such a death! Keep those Anarchists off the streets!

* * *

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, last week, gave out a cheerful interview calculated to restore confidence in the monetary situation, in the course of which he took occasion to compliment the New York bankers for coming to the rescue of the Treasury by furnishing gold for export a few days before. The next day after the interview some of these same bankers took occasion to say that the banks did not propose to continue on that line, intimating quite broadly in that connection that President Cleveland knows very little about the mysteries of finance, and has never been very friendly to the bankers anyhow. It is not likely Mr. Cleveland will be in full harmony with Wall Street until he favors a bond issue of about one hundred million dollars.

* * *

THE Yale athletes arrived in England June 27, and will be in prime shape on the day of the contest with Oxford, July 16, if the air of England agrees with them. So says Captain Hickok; but he knows, also, that England has other pitfalls, yesterdays dinners for abstemious Americans, which the latter seldom avoid or escape. Ell's sons will know enough to avoid them, I suppose; but if they do not—it will be "all day" with them in the athletic contests with the seasoned men of Oxford.

* * *

WILLIAM M. SINGERLY, chief owner of the Philadelphia *Record*, is the Democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania. Mr. Singerly will have no walk-over in the race; but if he is elected, I am sure he will be a conscientious and hard-working Chief Executive. I hope those Huns, Slavs and Sicilians will quiet down before Mr. Singerly is inaugurated; for it would be too bad to allow such a peasant gentleman to be confronted by such an unpleasant condition as the coke regions have recently presented.

* * *

A RAILROAD tie-up, involving fifteen railroads running out of Chicago, was announced June 28. The American Railway Union had boycotted Pullman cars, because the Pullman Company had refused to arbitrate with their employees. The principal sufferer was the Illinois Central, which has a contract with the Pullman Company, under which the latter cannot lose a cent by the failure of the Central to haul Pullman cars. Dispatches of the same date announced that a general tie-up on the Northern Pacific was ordered. This road is in the hands of the United States courts. No doubt the relative liability for damages of the Central, of Pullman and of the Union will be tried in the courts also. I hope it may, and then we shall see the absolute unfitness of this whole miserable strike business as a means of settling labor disputes.

* * *

BABY HAIGHT of New York graduated, last week, from the incubator, after a four months' stay in that novel resource of modern science. Baby's mother died, February 24 last, after giving premature birth to a little girl weighing less than two pounds. But Baby Haight is to-day as strong and healthy as any baby of her age, and she is an heiress, besides.

THE ANNUAL SAENGERFEST.

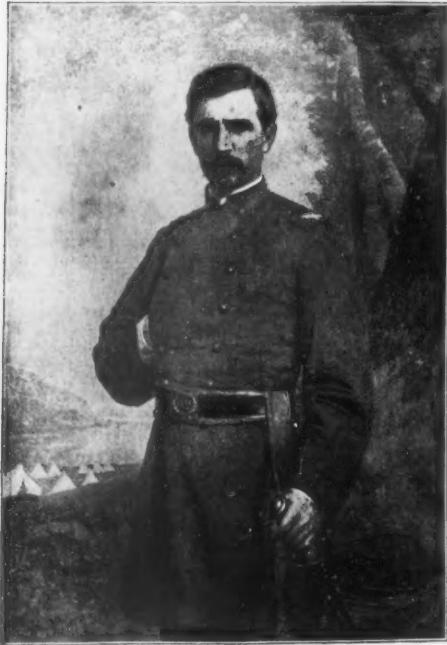
In view of the great Saengerfest meeting at Madison Square Garden during the week ending June 30, which attracted so much attention and real interest from all classes of people, the front page of this issue is devoted to an illustration of the scene in the great hall during the festival, and a likeness of Mr. Frank van der Stücken, the president and grand conductor of the occasion.

YALE WON THE EIGHT-OARED RACE.

For the third time Yale has defeated Harvard in the great annual eight-oared Varsity Race. The trial took place on the Thames, on June 28, with the usual throng on shore and water. The officers of the race were Herman Oelrichs as referee, George Adee timekeeper. The race was down the river with the tide, with hardly a breath of wind and all the conditions favoring a good race. Yale had almost a walk-over, winning in 23.47 minutes, while Harvard's time over the course was 24.42 minutes.

THE 22ND REGIMENT IN HISTORICAL SKETCH

N the beginning the Twenty-second was almost exclusively a Wall Street regiment. It has retained this distinctive characteristic, and is now and always shall be the backbone of New York's business life. The dry-goods district and the wholesale trades are now represented, but it is still a sort of bankers' and brokers' military club. Visit the boys in camp at Peekskill, and it is no uncommon sight to see a moneyed bank director, or the head of an insurance company, a partner in a big mercantile house, or the proprietor of a well-known hotel wheeling a barrelful of provender, digging trenches, or weeding out the streets with a hoe. They do it as a



COL. JAMES MUNROE—1861-62.

matter of course and as part of the routine of a private soldier's life in camp. It is an illustration of the democracy of the country, and is the strongest kind of defense against certain slurs of the insidious against the National Guard. A knowledge of the pick and shovel is as important, in its way, to a soldier as knowledge of the bayonet.

"Defendam" is the Twenty-second's appropriate motto, and is the guiding thought of every man in its



COL. LLOYD ASPINWALL—1862-65.

ranks. From the first each of the boys has had more than one opportunity to show that he understands the real import of "I Will Defend."

The Twenty-second was born of the war. Early in '61 representatives of the banks and insurance companies of the "Street" met in the parlors of the Metropolitan Bank, "Wall Street," said they, "should be represented in the movement looking toward the suppression of the Rebellion. Here we are fighting stocks when we should be fighting the rebels." So that day they raised among them \$30,000 for a regimental outfit, and elected James Munroe Colonel and Lloyd Aspinwall Lieutenant-Colonel. Some of these men were then members of independent companies, such as the Lindsey Blues and Federal Chasseurs; but on September 17, 1861, these several independent companies consolidated, in the old armory corner of Elm and White Streets, under the name of the Twenty-second Regiment, Union Grays, New York State.

In '62 the new regiment made application to be sent to the front, and on May 28 were mustered into the serv-

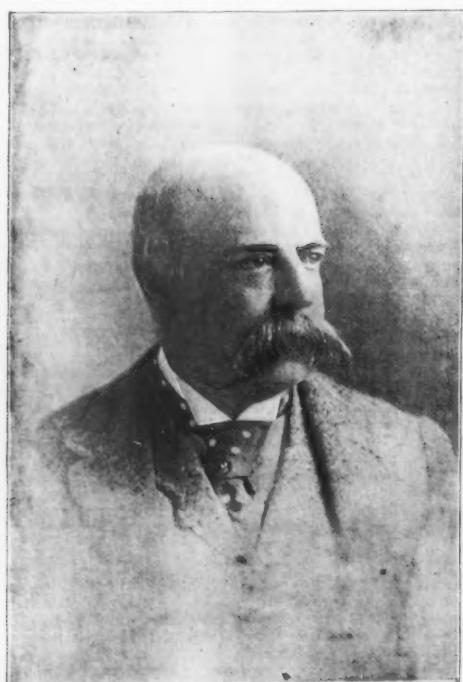
ice of the United States and ordered to Harper's Ferry. There they faced fire at once. At the end of three months, during which time they had repeatedly repulsed the persistent rebels, they volunteered to remain ten days over their term of enlistment, thereby holding the position during an important move of the troops back in the country. Arriving home, they were immediately ordered to East New York to act as provost guard over General Busteed's recruiting camp. At the termination of this service they resumed company drills till June, '63, when they were again ordered South. General Lee was invading Pennsylvania, and as the Army of the Potomac was defending Washington at the time, Pennsylvania and Maryland were left unprotected. The Twenty-second, with other regiments, were stationed at Carlisle, Penn., which town General Lee had ordered General Early to take, and by a flank movement to fall upon the rear of our own army, then under General Meade. If the strategy had succeeded, the result at Gettysburg might have been different. As it was, fortunately, General Early approached the town and demanded a surrender. To this "Old Baldy Smith" simply replied: "Go to hell!" So inelegant but emphatic an answer had the intended effect.

Early thought our forces must be a thousand strong. As a matter of fact, the Unionists were really only a handful of men, including the Twenty-second, Thirty-



COL. JAS. FARLEY COX—1865-66.

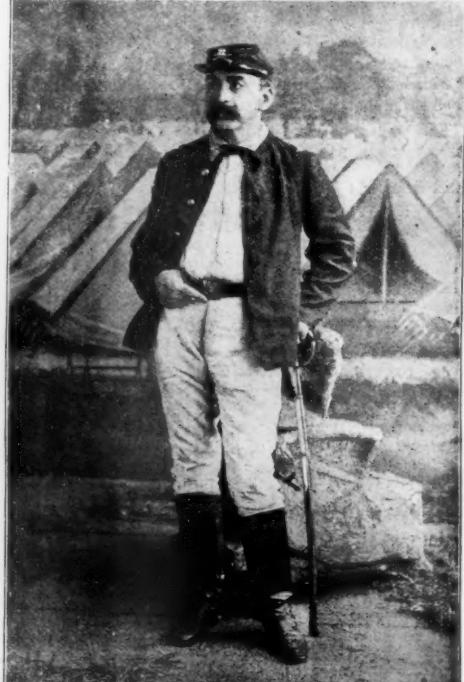
second and Eighth of New York, and the Pennsylvania Reserves. Early, however, quietly withdrew, leaving Meade to fight Gettysburg with success. Thirty-day men were often sneered at, but those same thirty-day men, among whom the Twenty-second was then classed, did more at Gettysburg to save the Union than is generally understood. For, as all know, that battle forced back the Southern hordes, and the North was never again menaced. After Gettysburg the Twenty-second returned to New York to help suppress the Draft riots.



COL. GEO. B. POST—1866-67.



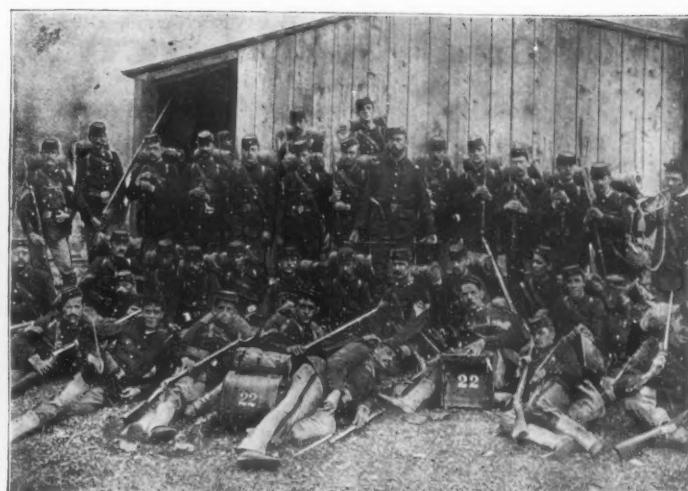
COL. REMMY—1867-68.



COL. (NOW ADJ.-GENERAL) JOSIAH PORTER—1868-85.



TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT MOUNTED STAFF AT VAN CORTLANDT PARK.



THE TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT AT THE BUFFALO SWITCHMEN'S STRIKE.

Their exact duty was to guard the Croton Aqueduct against all possibility of attack. This concluded the regiment's war record, which, if brief, was brave. For among the tens of thousands of heroes who met death while fighting for the Stars and Stripes no small number had upon their breasts "Defendam."

After the war the first public event in which the regiment participated was the reception of the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia. Then came that very ceremonious reception of the first Embassy from the land of the Mikado. Of course the boys have exchanged the usual courtesies with military organizations of other States, notably in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. On the 4th of July, '76, that stirring Centennial year, it was represented in the parades in both Philadelphia and New York by five companies in each city. At the unveiling of Liberty, at the Centennial Celebration, in '89, of Washington's inauguration, and during the Columbus festivities in '92, the regiment was gloriously *en evidence*. Again, when heroes have died and nations have mourned, the regiment was always turned out to pay last honors. At the funerals of President Lincoln, General Scott, Admiral Farragut, Vice-President Wilson, Mayor Havemeyer of New York, General Grant and General Sherman, the Twenty-second was present, ten full companies strong.

Like all regiments, this one was obliged to wait patiently for a home of its own. Before the close of the war the boys managed, among themselves, to secure company rooms and executive offices on Fourteenth Street. Then the Sanitary Commission built a big drill shed adjoining for its fair, and at its close turned the shed over to the Twenty-second. So in '64 all the scattered companies were brought together for the first time in what was then the finest armory in the city. Here they remained till '89, when it moved to its present home, which occupies the entire block on the Boulevard and Ninth Avenue, between Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth Streets. The agitation for this new armory began in '83, requiring six years for legislation and construction. The drill-room has a floor space of 45,000 square feet, sufficient to mass ten regiments. If the exterior, which is brick with granite trimmings, is severely plain, it is so for want of money to make it handsomer. When the Twenty-second detailed out-pickets to raise funds for its armory, it was found that the Seventh Regiment had been there before 'em and had fairly drained the city's purse.

At all times the regiment has been prompt to adopt every means within its reach, both public and private, to perfect itself in the military art, and to conform to the various systems of drill, instruction and management officially prescribed from time to time for State troops. While this may very properly be referred to as routine work, the pursuit of it, with any degree of success; the proper provision for, and wise administration of, the finances of the regiment; the necessary di-

rection of its semi-military or civil affairs, and the ever-present need of maintaining the strength and traditions of the regiment by judicious recruiting, require the time, thought, care, watchfulness and solicitude of the officers and men to an extent not commonly appreciated, it is believed, by the public, nor understood, perhaps, by the Governmental authorities. The colonels of the regiment have all been men distinguished not only in military, but in civic life. James Munroe was a graduate of West Point, appointed to the Academy from Virginia. When the war broke out the pressure upon him from his native State was weighty. But the soldier remained loyal to the country that had fed, clothed and educated him, and died at Harper's Ferry defending the flag and the Constitution. He was succeeded, as the illustrations on another page will show, by Colonel—afterward Brigadier-General—Lloyd Aspinwall, the distinguished founder of the town on the Panama Isthmus which bears his name. Then followed Colonel Cox, who writes me now: "I am delighted to have the old regiment, whose first campaign I shared, written up for this generation." Colonel Cox is now one of the principals of the Lloyd Insurance Company. Next came Colonel George B. Post, the well-known architect, composer of that beautiful architectural symphony, Cornelius Vanderbilt's new home in Central Park Plaza. Colonel Remmy succeeded him, who resigned after one year's service on account of poor health, and died soon after. His place was filled by Colonel Josiah Porter, who served for seventeen years, and was then promoted to the rank of Adjutant-General—the rank he now holds. The present commander, Colonel John T. Camp, has served since 1885. He rose from the ranks, and, always a soldier, is a strict disciplinarian, and is held in the highest esteem by the regiment.

And their late lamented band-leader, Patrick Gilmore. For twenty years he was so closely identified with the regiment that one seemed incomplete without the other. A history of the Twenty-second without mention of Patrick Gilmore would be "Hamlet" minus the Prince of Denmark. He served from 1872 till his death, and contributed more than any other one man to the popularity of the "Defendam."

The writer makes the most grateful acknowledgment to Captain James Jardine, the historian of the regiment, and to Adjutant Stephen Hart, for their courtesy and assistance in the publication of this paper.



JOHN T. CAMP, PRESENT COLONEL.

BETTY has a banjo,
Though Betty cannot play.
She's put blue ribbons on it,
She's strumming all the day.
The girls are wild with envy,
For a banjo is the thing
To set off to best advantage
A new engagement ring.

BY WHEELBARROW FROM



EN ROUTE.

MR. MONTAGUE MARTIN, a London artist who has been studying in Paris, is just now making a somewhat remarkable journey, "by wheelbarrow," from Paris to Munich. Mr. Martin desired to see the landscape and make sketches on the way, and as a *train de luxe* offered few facilities for such a purpose, he hit upon the original idea of making the journey on foot, taking all his necessary belongings in a wheelbarrow. The accompanying illustrations give an accurate idea of Mr. Martin's *modus operandi*. His wheelbarrow, specially constructed with a view to lightness, has a box well forward over the wheel. In it are stored his clothes, painting materials, an alcohol lamp and a few simple culinary implements and dishes. A folding-easel is secured to the inside of the cover. Having completed his preparations, Mr. Martin casually informed his Parisian friends that he was going to Munich by wheelbarrow. He calculated that the journey would occupy fifty-four days, allowing for time to make two sketches a day. His friends were skeptical, and bets were freely made as to the successful issue of his undertaking in the appointed time. Mr. Martin started out some four weeks ago amid the cheers of assembled students and *gamins*. The news of his safe arrival in Munich is eagerly awaited by his friends.

PARIS TO MUNICH.



PREPARING LUNCH.



TWO SKETCHES PER DAY.

A CLIMB OF THE SECOND DEATH

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

OME time since, while on a horseback tour through the valleys and mountains of the Gem of the Antilles, I fell in with a young negro clergyman by the name of Moreno. Though quite black, he was well educated and intelligent; he had but lately left his seminary, and was in the full enjoyment of his youthful religious enthusiasms. I was not surprised to learn that he was a Universalist; his fresh and hopeful temperament would have seemed inconsistent with any creed that involved the dogma of eternal punishment. I am apt to fancy that temperament is largely accountable for creeds; whether there are more creeds than temperaments I never attempted to determine.

Transparent though the negro nature appears, there is something in it inscrutable to our Caucasian insight. What was their spiritual history and experience during the four thousand years when Africa was, indeed, the Dark Continent? Whatever it was, it left an indelible mark on them.

Like all people in whom the intellect does not rule, they are very susceptible of contagion, physical and spiritual. A crowd of them can be worked up to a pitch of hysterical excitement, expressed in deeds, gestures and utterances, suggestive of an unrecorded and appalling past, and perhaps of a science or an inspiration to which we are strangers.

Not to mention Obeahism—which is merely witchcraft with an African complexion—their so-called religious revivals, one or more of which are usually going on in this island, would repay study. Just at present several thousands of them are assembling weekly on the banks of a certain river, where, after an harangue and a "dance," all—men and women—strip themselves stark naked and plunge into the stream. The water is supposed to have miraculous curative properties; at all events, it cools them off, and they emerge *mentre*, if not *corpore sano*.

I could bring forward other instances yet more curious. But this is a digression, to which I was led by the contrast between such practices and the quiet and orthodox manner of my negro companion. He, surely, was not a man to abandon himself to extravagancies of any kind. Yet it is ascribing a good deal to the power of education and environment to affirm that they can so radically transform a man within and without. Was this young fellow's soul really inaccessible to the mysterious mania of his ancestral kindred? Could the occult habit of thousands of years be extirpated by a college curriculum?

Toward sunset we crossed a high divide, and went down into a defile, rich with native plantations of banana and plantain, and graced with numerous plumed shafts of the beautiful Royal Palm. The settlement was scattered over the hillsides, each little thatched and whitewashed hut cowering down beneath the shade of its trees. All of a sudden, a bare-legged and bare-headed man came bounding down a narrow and precipitous foot-path and sprang out in front of our horses in a state of great excitement.

"Be you minister, sah?" he panted out to Moreno, whose black garb and round white collar betrayed him, "I am; what is the matter?"

"Man dying, sah; say, he no die till minister come. He fall down sink-hole, sah; he'vey bad man; ve'y wicked; kill woman in Po'tlan, sah; 'fraid he go to hell if no minister come. He break he back, sah." These sentences were exploded with the accompaniment of much gesticulation, and the man paused for breath, his wide chest rising and falling beneath his ragged shirt.

Moreno looked grave. "This must be that man Jackson that the police have been hunting for. He committed a murder in Portland, and—"

"Oh, yes, sah; dat him, sah," interrupted the messenger.

"He's up there at your house, is he? Well, tell him I'm coming. I suppose I must bid you good-by," he added to me. "You would not care to—"

"I should much prefer to go with you; human nature is my business as well as yours," I said.

"I shall be very glad. You see, this is the first thing of the kind that has happened to me. I hardly know how to approach such a man. He is one of the worst criminals ever known on this island. They say he committed half a dozen horrible murders—an I worse—in the States, before coming here."

"Oh! an American, is he?" said I, as we forced our horses up the steep path.

"From Louisiana, I believe. Is it true," he went on, "that you always lynch your negroes there, and broil them before hanging them?"

He was quite serious; and I experienced that gratification which arises from hearing quoted, in a foreign land, the noble, chivalrous and civilized achievements of one's fellow-countrymen.

"There are brutes everywhere," I retorted. "In the Indian Mutiny, you know, British soldiers used to carry Sepoy babies on their bayonets."

But I don't think he heard me. Indeed, his manner and aspect betrayed great agitation. It was certainly a solemn undertaking to stand at the bedside and accompany to the brink of the Unknown, with words of exhortation and encouragement, a creature like this Jackson, who, as investigation afterward proved, was more a demon than a human being. Which of us can declare himself adequate to discharge so awful a function? Moreno was plainly not only inexperienced, but a person of exceptional sensitiveness. As we dismounted at the door, he seemed so distraught that, to hearten him, I said:

"Fortunately, your creed enables you to promise even this fellow ultimate salvation."

He gave me an intent look, but his only answer was a nervous shudder.

We went in. The hut, only about eighteen feet square, was divided into two rooms. In the outer room was lounging an officer of the native police, summoned from the neighboring station to represent the majesty of the law. I remember a rude table, some prints stuck up on the mud walls, and a chair. The floor was hard clay. A narrow door in the partition admitted us to the inner chamber, where, on a low trundle-bed, lay Jackson.

He was a strong, finely-formed mulatto, about forty years old. Under his right cheek-bone was a deep hole, the ancient scar left by a bullet. Otherwise, his features were well-molded, though sinister in expression. There was also upon him the ghastly look of approaching death; but he kept his self-possession, and fixed his eyes upon Moreno with a sort of grim pertinacity.

He had, it appeared, escaped from the lock-up in another part of the island, where he had been confined for some minor felony, had murdered, with circumstances of inhuman brutality, a paramour of his who had aided his escape, but whom he felt to be an incumbrance, and had taken to the mountains. Nothing is easier than to elude pursuit in these fastnesses; and he might have got clear off had he not had the ill-luck to fall into one of those abrupt, vertical cavities in the rock which abound in some regions of the island, and which are concealed by dense shrubbery. In this "sink-hole," which was upward of fifty feet in depth, and barely seven in diameter, he lay, with a broken spine, for a day and two nights. What his physical sufferings must have been can be imagined; the character of his mental experience can only be conjectured. At all events, when, by accident, he was found and hauled out of what he had supposed would be his grave, the only desire he had expressed, was to see a "parson." A doctor, who had been called in, he dismissed with fearful imprecations; he knew his hurt was past remedy, and, perhaps, suspected the innocent physician of a secret understanding with the hangman. But toward religion—upon which, until now, he had never been known to bestow a thought, unless it were a sacrilegious one—he appeared to cast a glance of anxious solicitude.

"Sit down, parson," he said, in a faint but distinct tone, which indicated that he was by no means an uneducated man; "I'll say my say, and then you can do your duty. First, what's your denomination?" Moreno told him.

"Good!" he muttered. "Well, if ever you had a chance to save a brand from the burning, you've got it now. I make no excuses. I've been bad because I liked it, and there ain't anything much bad that I haven't done. But I'm at the end of my string now, and I want to make it up with the Old Man above before I step out."

"Do you believe in the future life?" asked Moreno.

"Yes, I do," replied the desperado, slowly. "I haven't kept the thought of it before me much, as a rule; but when I was down in that hole I made up my mind there was something to me besides my carcass. I could stand the pain in my back, but I couldn't tackle the other thing."

"Do you repent of the evil you have done?"

"I'm sorry for it, I guess," returned the other, with a touch of reluctance, however, I thought. "Especially for that last job. She was a good sort, though she was a fool. She gave me a lift, and if she hadn't hung on to me so afterward it would have been all right—I'd enjoy killing her, though, once I got about it. I'm square with you, parson, you see!"

"If you knew that you could get well, and escape execution, would you return to your sins?"

Jackson's lips parted in an unmirthful grimace.

"You're pretty sharp after me, ain't you, young man?" said he. "Well, I'll tell you just how I stand, Sin, as you call it, is a mighty pleasant thing while you're alive and hearty on this earth. I never wanted to leave it alone while I was in good health, and if I was so again, I guess I'd go back to it. But I ain't going to get well; and sin, they say—and I guess they're about right—is a thing that don't go down with the Old Man. And as He's going to have a cinch on me when I'm dead, I take it the sensible thing is to make it up with Him while I can."

"But if you were to get well, you would still postpone your reconciliation till the hour of death?"

"Well, haven't I said so once?" muttered the murderer, between his clinched teeth. "Say, young fellow, I don't want you to fool with me. You're nothing but a damned nigger, anyhow. But you are paid your salary to do this sort of job, and I want you to get about it without any more nonsense."

I expected Moreno to resent this insult, but I had not fathomed his mind. It was the insult to One greater than himself that was beginning to smolder in him; in that high quarrel all that pertained to himself was nothing. Hitherto he had spoken in a mechanical way, as of one who has an unwelcome and prefatory task to perform, in which his heart was not enlisted. Moreover, he had been somewhat intimidated by the truculence of the dying ruffian. But now his voice took a new tone, firm, full and dignified, and he met the eyes of the other resolutely.

"What do you expect me to do?" he demanded; but he did not wait for a reply. He rose from his chair, and stood erect. "I will speak what the Lord puts into my mouth to tell you," he said. "You have done wickedness all your life, until you have made yourself an image of wickedness. If you could see your soul now, you would see the form of a fiend in the depths of hell. There is almost nothing human left in it. The face of it is like bare bone, fouled with blood; the fangs of a beast, hungry to tear flesh; a fiery smoke of hatred, pride and lust, fuming up out of the lungs and heart. The body of it is a twisted mass of corruption, the shape and substance of cruelty and hideous passions, corpse-like, monstrous, obscene. It is bent over, and looks toward hell; it longs to see its Redeemer beneath its feet, to trample on Him and defile Him. Into this figure you have made yourself, since your childhood, though the power and the choice were given to become a channel of goodness and wisdom from the Lord. You have polluted and desecrated all innocence and purity; you have hated love and truth wherever you have found them, in man or woman, and have tried to destroy them. You have separated yourself from all human sympathies and

companionship, and put yourself at war with everything outside of the insatiable and remorseless devil that is man's unredeemed self. If you had your way, you would be the despot of earth and heaven, and all within them should be sacrificed to your infernal inhuman cruelty and greed. You have prided yourself on being without fear of God or man, but are dying a coward and a liar."

At the beginning of this really terrific and utterly unlooked-for arraignment Jackson had assumed an expression of contemptuous surprise: this gave way to a glare of impotent fury, and finally to the quaking of visible terror. The fellow was cowed, as well he might be. I myself could not recognize Moreno; he was transfigured; the awfulness of fate and the very purpose of outraged Deity seemed to invest him. Was this the shrinking and inexperienced youth whom I had been disposed to pity and keep in countenance? But he had not finished yet.

"The things that a man loves are the essence of his life, and become the form and substance of his spiritual body. Is there any power that can change your limbs and stature of a man and the memory that gives you individuality into the little, tender figure and innocent ignorance of an infant? Yet that would be nothing to a power that could recast your soul into a form that heaven could tolerate, or that could exist in heaven. The light of God striking on your eyes would blind them into the blackness of darkness, and the pure air that angels breathe would strangle you with agonies intolerable. Heaven—the Kingdom of God—except it be within you, can never be your habitation; for man, after death, lives surrounded by what he is, and in association with those only who are like himself. Your habitation is hell, and your associates are devils like yourself. For hell is within you, and devils are incarnations of hell."

There was another pause. Jackson lay motionless and fascinated. His countenance was fearful to look upon. It seemed helplessly to recognize and reflect the truth of every word that Moreno uttered. The latter spoke again.

"You said that, since you must go where God is, you wished to be reconciled to Him. God is here in this room, and He has been beside you at every moment of your life. He has pursued you at every step with the offer and opportunity of mercy, and at every step you have been free to choose. Life on earth is given in order that a man, by freely choosing good or evil, may fit himself in freedom, and therefore forever, for heaven or for hell. Love may not be outwardly compelled, even by God, or it is destroyed, and the man is man no longer. But your life on earth is now over, and your choice made. In the world whither you are going there can be no further choosing. What you are at this moment, in the reality of your inmost soul, that you must remain unto everlasting."

There was a rattle in the dying man's throat, but he heard and comprehended still.

"Repentance is no toy or talisman, to be played with or tossed aside as circumstance serves," added Moreno, in a voice from which the sharp edge of indignation had softened into austere sadness. "You cannot repent, for your will is constrained by fear, and you are no longer free. I might, indeed, dictate to you a form of words expressing submission and remorse, and you might repeat them; but it would be only to burden yourself with one impious lie the more. When you found yourself alive and vigorous in the other world the impulses that have ruled you here would rule you again there, and a thousandfold more absolutely. And why should you fear hell, my brother?" asked Moreno, with an accent so full of the humility of compassion that it brought an ache into my throat. "Hell, to you, is but what you have loved and lived for; it is all that you have chosen as most delightful in this world; it is your own heart, your own self. It has no punishments, except the punishment that evil inflicts upon itself, in being self-seeking, and therefore forever hungry, and in being at war with others, and so the object of others' enmity and revenges. And in the darkness which is hell's light you will not know or see your own horror, which heaven's light would reveal. And your end will be, that the evil in you will burn itself down to the bottom of its vitality, and what is left will be mere sombre impotence and indifference, knowing no further change of state, and so, at least, incapable of deeper degradation. For as the mercy of heaven is to give increase of life forever—for the life of heaven is in use to others, to which there can be no end—so the mercy of hell is to gradually take away all activity and fire of life; for the life of hell is to harm others, and thereby to sink into still deeper hell. And even as the Lord, Whom angels love, is ever present with them, to give increase of power for good, so is He, Whom devils hate, always present with them, to abate their will for evil and to mitigate its consequence. Blessed be the Name of the Lord!"

As he uttered the last words, Moreno sank down on his knees beside the bed, and hid his face in his hands upon it, in the attitude of prayer. The spell of his strange eloquence was at an end. I drew a long breath, and looked at Jackson.

He returned my look, for the first time since I had entered the room. For a moment I seemed to see into the depths of that murky spirit. He moved his head slightly, and said, in an audible voice:

"That fellow knew what he was talking about; I didn't believe he had it in him. Good-by—and be damned to you."

Then his eyelids half closed, and he neither move nor spoke again.

Now, the sequel of this episode is worth recording. When I touched Moreno on the shoulder, to apprise him of Jackson's death, he did not respond, and I was not long in discovering that he was insensible. I summoned the policeman, and we carried him into the open air, where he presently recovered. He appeared much bewildered, and, when I referred to the grim and impressive scene which had just passed, it turned out that he was totally oblivious of it. The last distinct recollection he had was of sitting by the man's bed, and hearing him say that, had he health and freedom, he would sin again. All after that was a complete blank to him.

When I told him that he had made one of the most powerful addresses I had ever listened to from one of his cloth, he stared at me stupidly, and asked me what

ONCE A WEEK.

he had said. When I told him (as well as I could) he was greatly shocked.

"How is it possible!" he murmured. "It is all quite in opposition to my creed and principles, you know; I can't imagine myself uttering such sentiments. My purpose certainly was to give him the utmost consolation our faith allowed. I must have been insane. I cannot understand it."

Neither can I. Jackson, it seems, was mistaken in thinking that the "fellow knew what he was talking about." But the effect upon Jackson was unquestionable. And possibly, after all, it was the real man in Moreno who then awoke and spoke, for the first and last time. Where, then, did he find those stern, apocalyptic words and thoughts? They were terrible, but were they not terrible because they were true? Did they come to him from the angel of the Lord, as he at the time intimated; or were they some ray of immemorial, ancestral light, derived from the early religion of that race which is still unknown, though as familiar in our mouths as household words?



David Christie Murray

MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY to-day is in the foremost rank of living novelists in the English-speaking world. His climb up the literary ladder commenced with the lowest rung, and, unlike many evanescent stars whose *chefs d'œuvre* have been "a season's craze," his

brilliant work of to-day is the outcome of that slow and sturdy development that Carlyle characterizes as belonging exclusively to genius. Speaking of his early literary effort, Mr. Murray says he began more years ago than he cares to count. Thirty years ago is a reasonable estimate. His first serious venture was a romance in poetic form. It was entitled "Marsh Hall," and it ran into four cantos. On the eve of his twenty-first birthday he mailed the MS. to Messrs. Macmillan, the famous London publishers. The criticism presented by their reader on the work was most discouraging, and the young author was strongly advised to consign his effusion to the waste-paper basket. At this time he was turning off reams of verse; but Providence, in the guise of poverty, intervened, and to eke out an existence he was compelled to turn to journalism. It was in the rough-and-tumble of newspaper life that he found his first opportunities as a novelist.

He was acting as special correspondent for the Birmingham *Morning News*. A serial, by the late Edmund Yates, who was at the time lecturing in America, was running in the *News*. Suddenly, before the editor had made other preparations, Mr. Yates's story came to a close. One of those unforeseen opportunities that occur in the lives of all men of exceptional gifts arose here, and at the juncture it seemed that Mr. Murray was equal to the occasion. He was sent for by his chief, who had already noticed his remarkable powers as a descriptive writer. "I think, young man, that you ought to be able to write a good novel," was the editor's reception, as he entered the sanctum. He had commenced a story some time previously, afterward laying it aside and forgetting the plot. However, he submitted the early chapters of his work, and had the gratification of seeing the copy sent up to the composing-room. The editor, without questioning the future of the story, was sanguine that he had secured a good thing. But he quickly realized that he was in a worse fix than when Mr. Yates's story had finished so abruptly. "To attempt a novel without a definite scheme of some sort is very like trying to make a Christmas pudding without a cloth," says Mr. Murray, which was undoubtedly exemplified in his first novel. The circulation of the Birmingham *Morning News* went down sixteen thousand, and the young author became so woefully discouraged that the story was almost strangled in its infancy. Finally he became desperate, and dispatched all his wicked and useless people down a coal mine, where, after one or two exciting incidents, he put an end to them by causing a flooding of the mine. The hero and heroine lost sight of in the most respectable manner possible. This was really the corner-stone of his fame: it was a failure that awakened him to the stern necessities required to achieve success in the art he had chosen.

"Grace Forbeach" was the title of Mr. Murray's first story. It was never published in book-form, and has been dead and buried twenty years. The romance in four cantos, entitled "Marsh Hall," which the Macmillans rejected, was the foundation of "Grace Forbeach," and the latter was the parent of Mr. Murray's first book—"A Life's Atonement."

Mr. Murray recites most graphically the accounts of his early experiences in London after his failure in Birmingham. The printer's proofs of his first story had thrown him into an ecstasy that had whetted his ambition for higher achievements, and he had dreamed of the great metropolis as being the Eldorado of the literary genius. For a while the city highways, teeming with incident, filled his imagination with great ensembles, and, refreshed with the new phases of life and character, he rushed with renewed zest into the realms of fiction. But while his imagination fattened, the larder became empty, and he soon found himself destitute, haunting the archways by night for shelter, being without the means of securing a bed. As Charles Dickens could not be prevailed upon for many years to pass through the Strand in the vicinity of the Hungerford Bridge, the memory of the painful vicissitudes of his youth being so poignant, so David Christie Murray shunned the spots wherein he had known so much suffering. His deliverance from poverty came about very strangely. He had visited almost every newspaper office in London without avail; his clothing had become so ragged that no one would admit him to any respectable sanctum. There was one important newspaper he had overlooked. As if by an inspiration it occurred to him that he would make a seemingly impossible effort before yielding finally. By some strange accident he found himself face to face with the chief

editor, ragged, wretched and hungry; but with courage born of desperation he told his story, and, to his surprise, he was ordered to go into a small room in the office and write an article on Christopher Columbus. It was a bare, closet-like apartment, everything very cheerless, and without a single reference book. However, Murray completed his task, and returned, trembling, to the editor's room.

"You appear to have been ill," the editor remarked, as he glanced through the copy.

"Yes," replied Murray, thinking that the editor's remark inferred that the copy was also ill.

"This is all right. Here, take this pill: it will cure you," said the editor. He gave Murray an ordinary-looking pill-box. "Should you want another, you may come back again."

Murray looked at him strangely, and then, unquestioning, went down into the street. Beneath the light of one of the lamps he halted to open the box to see what kind of a pill the editor had given him. The box contained two golden sovereigns. Needless to say, they effected a cure, and very shortly afterward Mr. Murray was installed as Parliamentary reporter in the gallery of the House of Commons, from whence the world-loved novelist, Charles Dickens, graduated.

It was during the routine of Parliamentary labor that David Christie Murray commenced his first published novel. Having learned more by failure than he could ever have realized by success, he avoided the pitfalls that had brought him to grief over his earlier efforts. "Grace Forbeach" had failed for want of a scheme to work on, and, in his anxiety to escape that fault, he rushed to the other extreme, and built what he himself describes as "an iron-bound plot." To be assured of absolute accuracy regarding the period through which the story extended, he spent scores of hours poring over old almanacs. The two chief characters of this story were lifted bodily from the four cantos of "Marsh Hall."

He had just completed the first volume of "A Life's Atonement" when the totally unexpected again happened. His great descriptive powers having been so frequently discussed, his fame reached a gentleman who represented an American press syndicate. This was on the eve of the Russo-Turkish War. Mr. Murray was put into commission speedily, and dispatched to the Turkish camp as war correspondent. His work as a novelist ceased for many months after this; but the realistic accounts of the terrible scenes of carnage and wholesale slaughter that were published in this country, when Turk and Russian were mown down by the fearful scythe of war, showed the marvelous gifts of the novelist who has since been highly eulogized for his vivid fidelity. Through those cities of the dead—Kesanlik, Calofar, Carleva and Sopot—where human blood coursed in streams and the cries of the butchers at bay were like the shrieks of wild beasts. Through the Stripka Pass, where the guns of the artillerymen bristled from the heights, making desperate rides to reach cover, and risking his life in reaching the telegraph stations to wire to Europe the latest accounts of the war that were mostly written in the saddle. During one of the engagements in the Stripka Pass Mr. Murray found, with dismay, that he had run out of copy paper. This was a very serious business; it was absolutely necessary that he should forward immediately a detailed description of the fight. Here was a terrible dilemma. There was no possibility of getting a sheet of paper anywhere, as, in his position, he was cut off from supplies, and nothing but death faced him should he attempt to ride into camp. While thinking over the difficulty he found himself rolling up a cigarette—he was an inveterate smoker. This incident suddenly awakened him to an idea. He had several books of cigarette papers in his pouch. Eureka! He would use these. The story of the battle, written upon cigarette papers, was printed in the *London Times*, and the copy has been placed in one of the British museums. With the Turkish army during the memorable retreat upon Plevna, a close companion of Osman Pacha, Mr. Murray experienced great hardships. It was a long and harassed march from Orkhanie to Plevna, during the rainy season, and the sufferings of the army kept him constantly active both as a humanitarian and a writer. With the rest of the foreign visitors, at Osman Pacha's orders, Mr. Murray passed through the gates of Plevna, and, through a roadway strewn with corpses, crossed the Russian lines at the commencement of the famous siege. He was on the heights of Tashkesen, and saw the stubborn defense of Mehemet Ali, and was there seized by the Turkish authorities for his too faithful descriptions of the horrors of war. Afterward, he found himself in Constantinople, penniless, and without a friend, owing to some mishap with the American press syndicate; but the *London Times* proprietors quickly availed themselves of his services, and he won magnificent recognition.

Returning to London after the war, he found himself entirely without occupation. His novel of "A Life's Atonement" was only a third finished, and the volume he had written had been left at one of the places in which he had boarded. So to make a little ready money he betook himself to the writing of short stories. The first of these brought him luck. It was inserted in the *Gentleman's Magazine* and was entitled "An Old Meerschaum." A week after its publication a letter reached him, as follows:

"SIR—I have read with unusual pleasure and interest, in this month's *Gentleman's Magazine*, a story from your pen entitled 'An Old Meerschaum.' If you have a novel on hand or in preparation I shall be glad to see it.

"Yours very truly, ROBERT CHAMBERS.
"P.S.—We publish no author's names, but we pay handsomely."

Mr. Murray at once thought of "A Life's Atonement," and commenced a pilgrimage in quest of the missing first volume. It was finally discovered by an old servant in a room he had once occupied, covered with dust. It was a most miraculous find, and he quickly buried himself in the work to complete it without the faintest idea of how he was to exist meanwhile. His privations re-commenced, but still he slaved on. He says that the most trying accident of all the time was the tobacco famine that set in as he was on the last

volume. "I worked all night at the first chapter, and wrote 'Finis' somewhere about five o'clock on a summer morning." He adds: "I shall never forget the solemn exultation with which I laid down my pen and looked from the window of the little room in which I had been working over the golden splendor of the gorse-covered common of Ditton Marsh." The novel was accepted without delay, and a check for two hundred and fifty pounds was received for the serial rights. The rights of republication in book-form afterward recurring to the author, who made quite a large amount out of his first published book, "A Life's Atonement" was followed by "Joseph's Coat." This really made Mr. David Christie Murray's fortune and gave him such a literary standing that he was deluged with commissions. Since then he has gone on building, almost without a failure, each succeeding story being eagerly sought after by the publishers, who have made enormous sums out of his works. His latest novels, "The Weaker Vessel," "Val Strange," "Schwarz," "Way of the World," "First Person Singular," "Hearts," etc., have won for him fame that cannot easily fade. Mr. David Christie Murray is a worshiper at the shrine of the late Charles Dickens, and some of his earlier efforts were inspired by that great master.

CHARLES BRADLEY.

COMING NOVELS.

AS THE first of the promised series of great novels by Rider Haggard will be given to ONCE A WEEK subscribers with the next number, it would not, under ordinary circumstances, be necessary to refer to the subject further. But as every week some fresh arrangement is made by the proprietor with the foremost authors of the day, here and abroad, it is well to state that another novel by Rider Haggard will be included in the Library series. This will be called "The Heart of the World," and, it is understood, will have its theatre of action in Mexico. So that during the coming year "Nada the Lily," "People of the Mist," "The Way of the Transgressor," "Montezuma's Daughter," and "The Heart of the World"—all from the prolific pen of Haggard—will be spread before readers of ONCE A WEEK, who will thus enjoy a treat not open to the readers of any other journal in the world.

When it is understood that Haggard's novels are only a part of the literary feast in prospect—that Grant Allen, David Christie Murray, Walter Besant, Stanley Weyman, Robert Louis Stevenson and others have either been added to the list of contributors or will be in the course of a few days—some idea of the value subscribers are about to receive for their money may be formed.

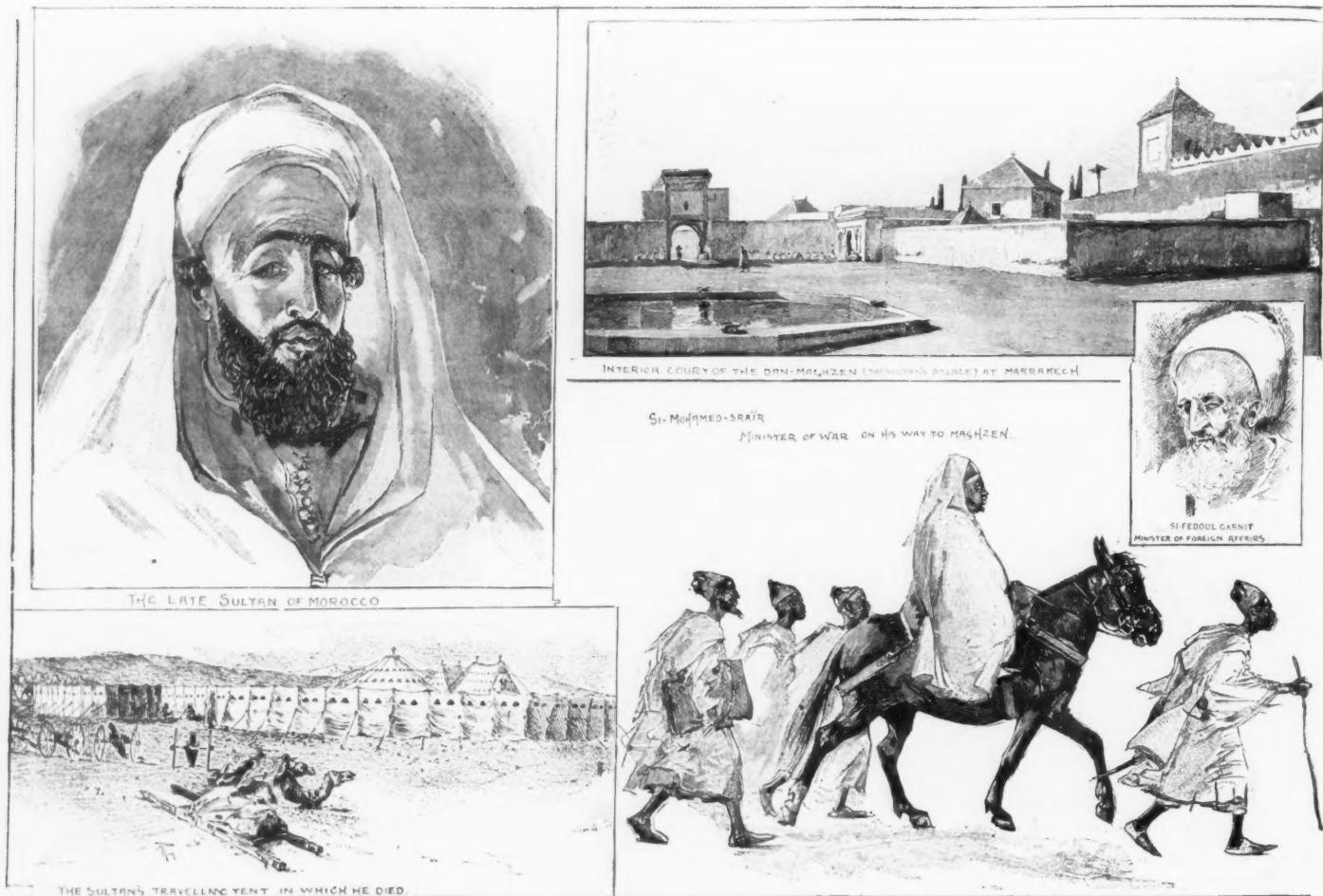
"Under Sealed Orders," by Grant Allen, has been purchased for the Library by its proprietor. It is an intensely dramatic story, full of exciting incidents, the scene being located principally in England. Its motive is the deep-laid ramifications of the Russian anarchists and conspirators for the assassination of the Czar. Moreover, many of the characters are said to be drawn from life. Grant Allen's name is so well known on this side that the announcement of a new novel from his pen is sure to attract universal attention. Due notice will be given of the date of publication of "Under Sealed Orders."

Two new stories by Walter Besant have also been secured by the proprietor of ONCE A WEEK for the Library series, at a very heavy cost. These have never yet appeared in type and the plots have been carefully guarded by the distinguished author. That they are fully equal to his best previous work is known, however. Indeed, one who has been favored with a perusal of the manuscripts pronounces them to be superior to any preceding work done by Mr. Besant.

"A Rising Star," by David Christie Murray, is among the latest batch of novels purchased for ONCE A WEEK Library, and its merit can be indorsed with all sincerity by the professional examiners employed by the proprietor to test the value and decide upon the purity of all publications included in the Library. A sketch of Mr. Murray is given on this page, so that readers may form their own idea of his rank in the list of first-class authors of to-day.

"The Game of Life," by Darley Dale, is among the very latest of the brilliant novels secured for ONCE A WEEK. The author is well and favorably known by two preceding novels; namely, "The Village Blacksmith" and "Lottie's Wooing," which commanded most favorable criticism from the English press. "The Game of Life" is quite brilliant in its dialogue, and possesses a plot sure to interest all classes of readers. Though not so well known as some of the other authors whose names have been referred to above, Darley Dale has a future before him as promising as any achieved by the most famous writers of fiction.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.



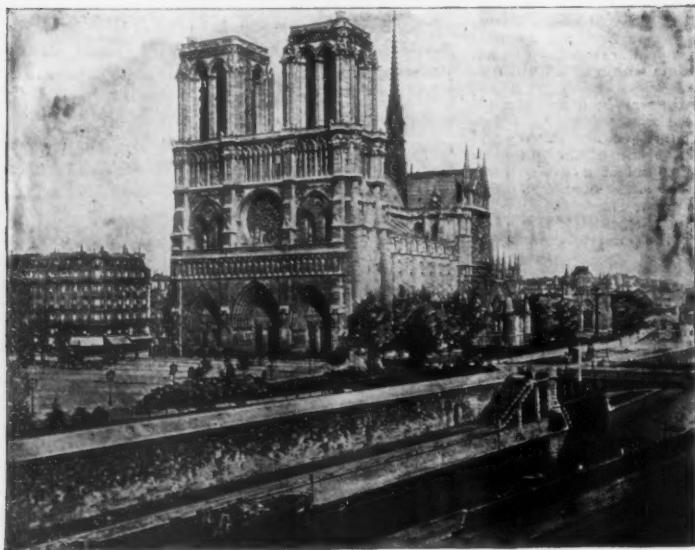
MOROCCO—ITS PLACES AND PEOPLE.—(See page 11.)

AN army of workmen were engaged for several days before the funeral of President Carnot getting the interior of Notre-Dame Cathedral ready for the solemn occasion. The great temple was decorated in a manner similar to that on the occasion of ex-President Thiers' funeral in 1877. Black velvet bordered with ermine draped the lower part of the walls. The upper galleries were literally covered with black. Between the grand pillars were thirty grand velvet banners, each bearing in the centre a crown of laurels. The catafalque stood in the middle of the transept, the small altar that stands there having been removed to make room. The dais upon which the catafalque rested was nine feet high. It was surrounded by lampadières, holding torches. The dais is supported on Corinthian columns. Drooping over the sarcophagus, which was covered with national colors, were a number of green palms.

More than a million francs were spent in Paris for flowers. A society of Paris women had one funeral wreath alone costing five thousand francs. Mlle. Chiris, who is betrothed to M. Carnot's son, sent a superb wreath eight yards in circumference, composed of Countess de Chambord daisies veiled with white tulle crossed with black crape.

The Chamber of Deputies voted fifty thousand francs for the funeral of President Carnot. Subscriptions were opened among the Deputies for the purchase of wreaths to be placed upon the coffin of the dead President. All the Royalist Deputies subscribed.

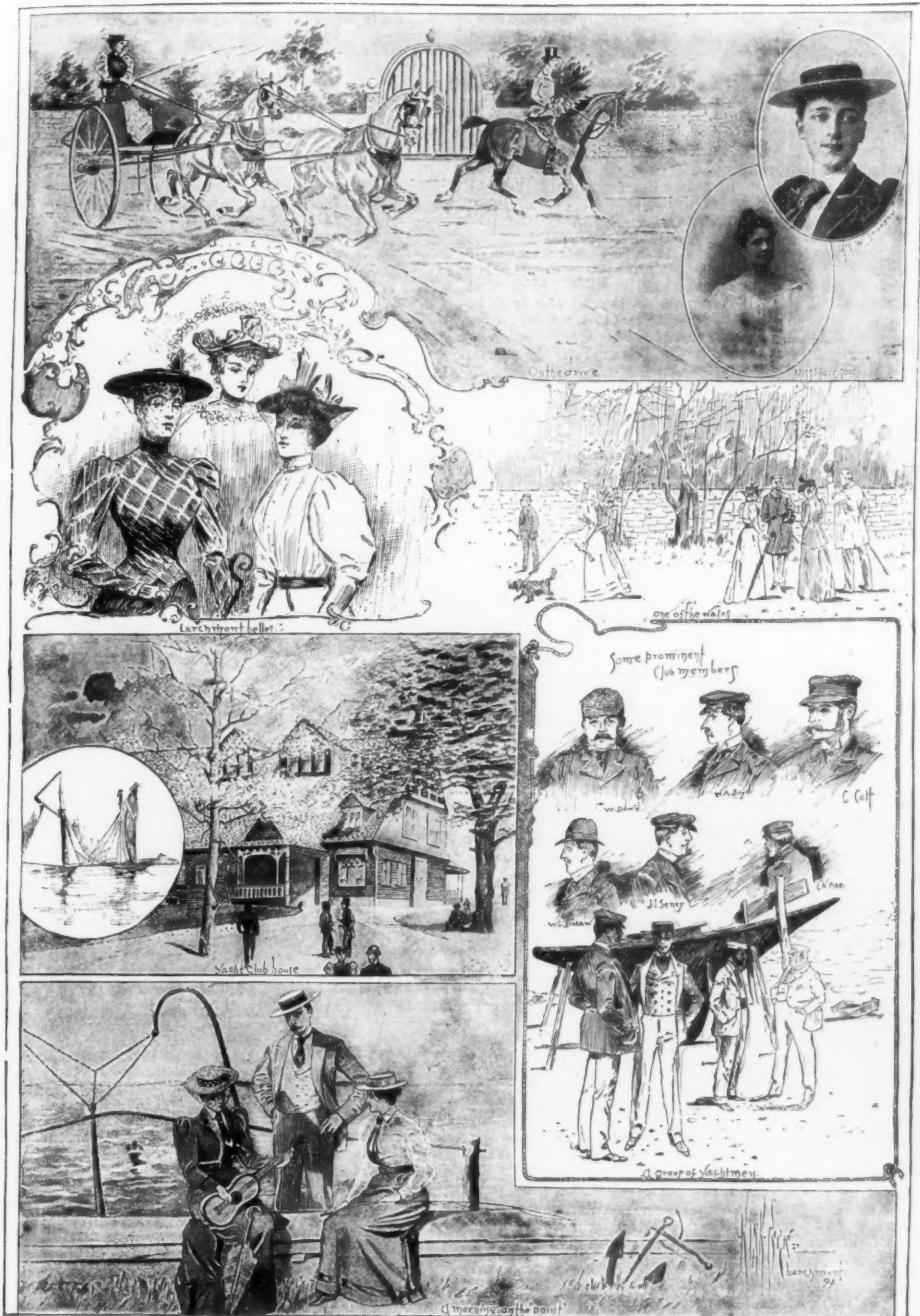
At the Panthéon the cortege went through the centre facade, on the front of which scaffolding had been erected, that was hidden by black draperies. President Carnot's tomb in the Pantheon is beside that of his famous grandfather, the organizer of victory.



CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE-DAME.



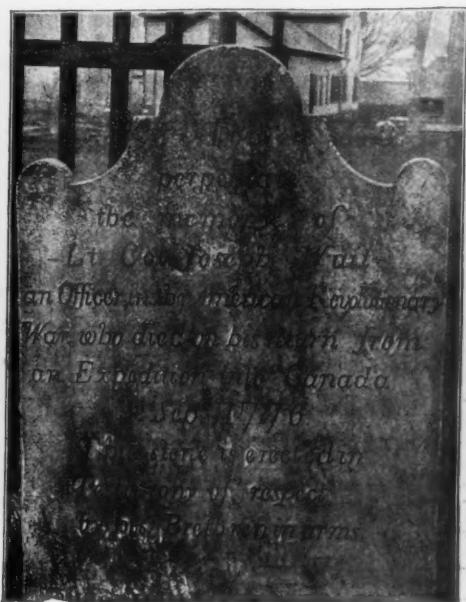
THE PANTHÉON—WHERE CARNOT WAS BURIED.



SNAP-SHOTS ABOUT LARCHMONT.



FRONT OF SLAB.

JOSEPH WAIT—A HERO OF THE REVOLUTION.
(See page 11.)

BACK OF SLAB.



IN STREET DRESS.



IN HIS TENT.

NATE SALSURY, Buffalo Bill's Right-hand man.
(See page 10.)



UFFALO BILL sat in his "Wild West" tent, just as he is represented in the picture on page 9. He was smoking—smoking like an Indian, puffing away slowly, meditatively, and enjoying every whiff of it—only the smoke curling round Buffalo Bill was loaded with the fragrance of the finest cigar, while an Indian would have filled that tent with fumes of the cheapest tobacco. Buffalo Bill is a millionaire. Yes, a millionaire and a half; for one who knows tells me the "Knight of the Plains" reaped a cool million dollars amid the palaces of Europe, and has made besides a half-million among us Americans—while the first American still has only his tepee, his blanket and his pipe. Well, anyway, Buffalo Bill was smoking like an Indian when Nate Salsbury, his "Wild West" partner, and myself entered the tent.

"Our friend's been probing me to get your exact age, Colonel," said Mr. Salsbury, after presenting me to the "Great Scout." "I told him I've roughed it with you for thirty years, but still I don't know your age."

"People think I am Methuselah," said Colonel Cody, when his partner had gone. "They have heard of me perhaps fifteen or twenty years, so they believe they've heard of me all their lives, and therefore I must be at least the age of Gladstone. Now, as a matter of fact, I entered this great big world the year people began to show symptoms of California gold fever."

"You mean '46, or thereabouts," I said. "So you are now forty-eight." Buffalo Bill's face—honest, sad, kind—looks older than his real age. But his body—just observe him in the arena on horseback; every muscle young, wiry, athletic, firm, a body of steel with not an ounce of flesh too much.

"How much of an Irishman are you, Colonel?" I asked. "Some persons think you're Irish born."

"My grandfather was an Irishman out and out. But my father and myself first faced the music among American buffaloes and cowboys. My first warwhoop was let loose in a log cabin in Scott County, Iowa."

"Let's see, when did your name first get into print?" "In '57, my eleventh year. I was with a herd of beef-cattle for General A. S. Johnston's army, then on the way to fight Mormons. One night the red devils pounced upon us and I popped one off. It was just an accident, but upon my return to Leavenworth the newspapers had me down as the youngest Indian killer on record."

"Did that start influence your later career?"

"Guess it did. Been shootin' Indians ever since," said Buffalo Bill looked at me with those calm, sad eyes of his—eyes which make you think: Here's a man who shoots to kill, but is grieved because he must.

"What would you do, Colonel, if trouble arose among the Indians to-morrow? If we should have another border war?"

"I'd leave the mimic 'Wild West' at once and join the reality, just as I did three years ago. But no trouble with the Indians, at least not immediate, need be apprehended."

"Because the Indians are so rapidly decreasing, of course."

"No, sir—ee! Just the contrary," and the great Indian fighter leaned toward me saying, with depth of earnestness that impressed me: "My boy, you and thousands more think the number of red-men decreases every year. Now, you're wrong. Look at the Indian Commissioners' latest report and you will find that last year the red-man increased three and a quarter per cent and it is estimated that this present year he will increase ten per cent."

"Why?"

"Because, for the philosophy that the best Indian is a dead one we are substituting the philosophy that the best Indian is a peaceful one. Intelligent legislation is doing more than bullets. We, on our part, are giving more attention to the rights, the complaints and the necessities of the Indian. We are educating the red-men's children, and with the dawn of intelligence, war and disease, the principal destroyers of the Indian, are checked, and multiplication goes on."

Just here a soldier entered and asked a favor of the Colonel, no slight favor either. "Certainly, anything you want," was the characteristic reply. With his hearty way he makes you understand that anything that's Buffalo Bill's is yours to enjoy, and, if within reason, yours to keep. Were it not for the judgment and care exercised by his partner and his managers, Buffalo Bill's riches would never have materialized. They would have taken flight as fast as they came to him on the wings of good-heartedness and trust in his fellow-men.

We fell to chatting about his experiences in Europe. "You had a talk with Queen Victoria," I remarked, hoping to learn what the Queen had said.

"Remarkably well-informed woman," was his laconic reply. He looked serious and began to blow out clouds of smoke.

"She asked you about the 'Wild West,' I suppose?" "She tossed off questions faster than I could answer them. I think I'm not wrong in saying she's better informed about our great West than the average American."

"I wonder if you felt conscious, or anything of that sort during the interview?"

"I felt no different than while talking to any extremely well-bred woman."

"Did you notice anything particularly characteristic of the Queen?"

"Yes. Victoria may be a Queen, but first of all she's a woman. During the private performance at Windsor

all railroads for twenty-five miles around were stopped running. This was at five in the afternoon, just as people were returning from work. Thousands were therefore waiting at the various stations wondering at the delay. Remember, this was the first time the Queen had come out of her seclusion for twenty-two years, and as the performance had been commanded at such short notice, people had not learned of her 'coming out.' But somehow Her Majesty heard about one distressed woman whose husband lay dying, yet waiting for her to return from London with the only medicine that could save him. Whereupon the Queen directed that a special train be run immediately to carry the poor woman to her husband.

"Now the Queen loved her own husband dearly. She has never recovered from grief over his death. Her great Jubilee came three days after the 'Wild West' performance. On the seat beside her, as she rode between the dense throngs, was a simple wreath of everlastings. That was her husband's place. The very simplicity of it all showed the triumph of the woman over the Queen."

"Again, just as the Queen's carriage passed my hotel, a woman standing on the curb, thrown forward by the surging multitude, forced back by the military, fell in a faint. Next moment the woman was being conveyed on a stretcher to a soft place, and I saw the Queen turn full around, as if instinctively, and look back, apparently wholly absorbed in the fate of that unfortunate woman. Here, surely, were two true womanly qualities—curiosity and sympathy."

"You had a chat with the Prince of Wales, too, Colonel," I said, renewing the attack. "Did he have anything particular to say?"

But the way Buffalo Bill shifted in his chair made it evident that he had little desire to be quoted as repeating his conversations with royalty. In the first place, he met the Prince and others in a social and friendly way at their own houses and at the clubs; and, then, doubtless the Colonel prefers to reserve these conversations for their more appropriate place in his autobiography, which he has in preparation now.

Before dropping the subject I reminded Buffalo Bill that he had met nearly all the crowned heads of Europe, besides many of the nobility, Prime Ministers, ex-President Carnot, and even the Pope. "Now which of these impressed you most, Colonel?"

"When I talked with the kings and princes," was the simple reply, "I felt I was in the presence of a great office. But when I dined with Mr. Gladstone I was supremely conscious of being in the presence of a great man."

When I asked him to lend me the photographs given him by these notable people, he regretted that he had left the best of them home with his wife. "Where is home?" I asked.

"In North Platte, Neb. I call my place 'Scout's Rest Ranch,' because when I've grown tired, later on, you know, I'll—well, I'll rest there."

"Don't you get tired, now, taking part as actor and stage manager in this performance twice every day, and that, too, rain or shine?"

"I'm a working man," he said, rather proudly. "If I wasn't doing this I'd only work at something else."

Buffalo Bill looked at his watch. It was nearly three o'clock. He retired to his bedroom in the rear part of the tent, and in a few moments reappeared, resplendent in his suit of bear-skin, top-boots and spurs, the "King of Scouts."

"Come to the stables," he said, "and have a look at the show from behind."

On the way he talked "horse." "I've never yet met a newspaper man," he said, as he lighted the fifth or sixth cigar, "who knew the history of the horse in America. Do you? No? Well, you all think there were horses here before Columbus came. Now the fact is there were no horses here, not even wild horses, till Cortez brought a herd over from Spain to help him tackle Mexico. These horses straggled further and further North, and multiplied till they spread over all the Western States, and from them we have these little raw-boned mustangs. I'll give you an article on horses sometime. But don't let me go into print to that effect or I'll have fifteen newspaper men over here for that article before ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

Buffalo Bill strode past the stables directly to a small raised, inclosed platform. When you visit the "Wild West" notice the square hole in the scenery far back on the left. That square can just frame a man's head when he wears a sombrero. From there Buffalo Bill watches the performance and directs it.

A hundred mounted Indians, gorgeous in war-paint and feather trappings, assembled in an orderly mass round the platform. "Ready!" cried Buffalo Bill, and the Indians dashed into the arena, sending up many a chorus of fiendish warwhoops.

"How did you ever train those fellows, Colonel?"

"Very easy. I'd rather train a whole band of Indians than one chorus girl. Tell an Indian once, and he'll say nothing, but do that thing ever afterward just as you told him. Tell a chorus girl six times, and she'll talk it all over and finally do it her own way. Ready!" and the German soldiers charged toward the grandstand.

Then followed the Cossacks, Arabs, Frenchmen, Gauchos, cowboys, and our own Boys in Blue.

"Which of all these rough riders, Colonel, do you count the most skillful?"

"No riders of any country can compare with our Indians and cowboys. Between these two it's a pretty even thing."

I asked about the Colonel's plans for the future. "This winter," he said, "I'll spend with my family at 'Scout's Rest Ranch.' Next season?" He shrugged his shoulders significantly, then tossed away his cigar, descended the steps of the platform, vaulted upon his superb charger and sped into the arena to introduce to ten thousand people the "Congress of Rough Riders of the World."

WELCOME INFORMATION.

Young Greatbore—"I don't like to brag, Miss Mamie, but there is one thing that I think I can properly pride myself on—there's a lot of get up and get to me."

Miss Mamie—"You don't know how glad I am to hear that."

THE VANISHED THOUGHT.

O'er the realms of Nothing,
(Everything's mother) there came,
The soul of an embryo poem,
Like the point of a golden flame.

It gleamed in the light before me,
It said, "I am longing for wings."
And I answered, "Wait a little,
I am busy with other things."

But all through the crowded daytime,
As I moved 'mid the great world's strife,
I thought of that unborn poem
That I was to bring to life.

It sweetened the whole earth for me,
Like the scent of a hidden flower;
And I sat at last in the silence
Of a calm, inspiring hour.

"I am ready now," I whispered,
But the thought, like a point of flame,
Had vanished away into Nothing,
To the source from whence it came.

I have clothed with rhyme and cadence,
Full many a thought since then;
I have sent out many a fancy
To knock at the hearts of men.

But ever I think with longing
That is mixed with wonder and pain,
Of the soul of that vanished poem—
The still-born child of my brain.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



IGH summer sits throned on all the hills. The waters babble happily down creek and runnel. From the rising of the sun to the going down thereof floods of hot, white shining bathe the whole fair world. Crows winging across the breadths of yellowing wheat, show as dark lines, wavering up or down, against the lucent heaven. Now and again a loud caw-cawing breaks up the hush of the fields. There is something desolate in the wide, tenantless stretches in spite of the golden growth. Wheat just coming into ripeness hides and cherishes small living creatures by myriads. But, for the most part, the myriads are voiceless. Molly Cottontail frisks there velvet-footed, and nibbles without a sound. The creeping and crawling things have not yet come to whirring wings. Only Bob White, the roysterer, shouts aloud his cry:

"Bob, Bob White!
Wheat's most ripe!"

And Bob White shouts mostly from the top of the fence. He delights to run along the top rail, calling, with head saucily aside, before he goes, on plunging wing, down into the green and golden intricacies of the grain. It may be he is making love to the wild roses. See! how they star the hedge-row—what wreathy trails of them wave in the morning wind! The crowded fence corner is their chosen seat. In that coign of vantage they spring rampant, riotous, full of sap and strength to shoulder aside such lusty vagrants as blackberry and sassafras and big-stemmed sunac.

Two roots grow in this one corner. Mark the difference, the exquisite contrast of them. One has a viny stem, set thick, all its green roundness, with fat, light-brown thorns, cruelly sharp at the tip, but of so honestly ferocious a countenance that, instinctively, you are ware of them—as you have need to be. For the blossoms they bear might tempt a sworn flower-hater—if in this summer world the imagination can compass such a thing. They grow cluster-wise—ten—a dozen—twenty even. Sometimes the spread of bloom is of the bigness of your two palms. Such yellow, yellow hearts they have, too—fine and fringy, like threaded gold. Aurora, goddess of the morning, might have shaped the flowers from the gold of her new sunrays, the pink of her trailing cloud-robe.

Wise blossoms truly! They do not open all at once. Though the whole head is beset with blossom, look under the spread petals to see new buds by twos and threes, hiding close upon the same foot-stalk. A day or two, or, at most, three, shall bring the early blossoming to naught—then these green small knobs will push bravely into the summer shining, burst into pinky translucence, and ruffle it with the sweet south wind—the fickle wind that has not even memory of the earlier petals he has kissed to their undoing.

Small blame to him, either. The account is not all against him. He wrought the flower's unfolding. It is simply marvelous to watch the hooded blossoms in wait for his touch. The sun may shine, the dew gather by night, even the rain of summer come dancing to earth, yet still the pink leaves cling to the sheath. But let the wind—the silver south wind—blow, then there is haste, indeed, to unroll the roseate beauty which is high summer's royal crown. Almost you can see the long green sepals, set thick with tiny bristles, bend them back that the petals may unclose from the golden heart. Where but an hour earlier there was only a rosy glimmer along one side of the bud you shall find a flower, full-opened and quivering in joy of the wind.

The first lover, he is not long alone. As by some subtle telepathy, the humble-bees learn of roses' newly open. From every hand they wing in, dusty, with golden thighs, and singing importantly after the manner of humble-bees. With what gentle gluttony they

MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.

A large handsome Map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifteen cents in postage by P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ill.

settle upon the blossoms full-blown, gathering their nectar with scarcely now and then a stir, and, when the open flowers are fully rifled, burrowing, head first, into those barely beginning to unfold.

Mighty different all this is to the way of Mistress Honey Bee. Hers is a business call, pure and simple. Usually she is too late, though—she has not Sir Humble-Bee's early knowledge, perhaps; or else she tarried by the wayside, beguiled by its abundant white clover blossoms. See her dip spitefully now in this pink face, now in that—and at last dart off on angry wing to her beloved white-spangled turf. Ah, well! She can afford to leave the rose to her big, slow kinsman. He is, the wise men tell us, less an object than an instrument—one of Dame Nature's fine henchmen, wherethrough she works her miracles of change. He is shaped and formed to carry about the pollen of one flower to its allotted mate. And sometimes he takes the fairy seed to new soil—thence come wonders such as the gardener proudly achieves with slow and clumsy processes.

In such fashion, perhaps, has it come about that there are a dozen wild roses, each with its own charm. Here, at the root almost of this rampant flowering vine, there grows a stem, straight and stocky, with but here or there a big blunt thorn. A rose-tree you must call it, looking at the bushy top. The branches are slender, but stand pertly up and out. They have a fine varnished red color—are beset with small leaves mighty unlike the lush green foliage of the clustered rose. Here or there along the boughs a springing stalk makes out, with a pale, flat-colored blossom, full of yellow threads, set mathematically upon the end. Sometimes a bud nestles underneath. Oftener than not there is but the single blossom. Sir Humble-Bee loves it, though, beyond all other flowers. There is a big green-yellow nectary set fair in the pale threads. If you look close before he finds it, you can see a drop of glistening sweet, ready for his delicate ravening.

It is wonderful—such love-largesse, where all promised so scant a feast. There is a prim spinster-likeness in the set of the small leaves—their dull gray-green as well. And certainly nothing in the flower itself hints of such delight for the winged woor. The petals are so silken-pale—as though woven of moonbeams that had stolen a ray of dawn. Pink they cannot be called. Theirs is rather the ghost of love's own color. Indeed, summer has few contrasts more piquant than this mystically delicate blossom, set, star-wise, all over the shrubby head of its stout and thrifty stem.

It is curious, too, the enmity between the two rose-roots. Both face the south; normally they should blow and twine one upon the other. Instead one grows far to east, the other stands stiffly westering, as one who turns away the head from the doings of a lawless neighbor. Most like the twining rose is virtuously jealous of her neighbor's honey-heart. Doubtless, too, the tree-rose feels that her riotous sister sprawls and blossoms in a way disgraceful in any of rose descent.

The swamp rose knows nothing of any such fine points. Her chosen seat is one that secures her lonely pre-eminence. She overruns it royally. There is never another shrub that may successfully dispute with her the low-lying land. What a thicket her flexible stems make there! A few grow straight—the others creep and writh like serpents till they come to the top. Thence they droop, stiffly, yet with a grace all their own. If they cannot compare with the hedge-rows blossom trails, they at least make a green curtain over the nakedness of the mother thicket.

She is not spendthrift of blossom, this lady of still waters. It is but here or there you see a cluster of her vivid flowers. Curiously, they are many times more vivid than those which have root in the open. The leaves, too, are, if smaller, a deeper, more glossy green. The twining rose has, indeed, a vernal touch, even to the day of frost. It is rare that one of the big leaflets takes on the varnished look indicative of completeness.

All the swamp rose's leafage gets the look early. It is the stem, though, which is most characteristic. At first blush you say it is thornless—and count the root among those friendly, indeed. Wait a bit! Try to force a passage through the twining, or even to fill your hands with the exquisite sprays. Then shall you come to know of a million fine prickles—so tiny you scarce perceive them, but ready to stick and work in until you realize fully what lies in the simile—a thorn in the flesh. All the stems are set with them so thick it is vain to think of evading them if you touch the plant. They set lightly on the bark—to break the flower in safety you have but to rub a little space free of them with some insensitive thing.

No such distress waits upon gathering the sweet-briar. It loves equally the open, the shady wood, the dry roadside, the runnel's rocky bank. Well for life that the flower is so catholic—for life has nothing fairer, summer nothing sweeter than her blossom sprays. The sweetness is so generous, too. It abides in the leaf no less than the flower. Eglantine, the poets call it; but the name has nothing like the charm of homely sweet-briar. See how straight and lusty the stems spring from the root—what honest big thorns defend it, too!—and with what grace, when the stalk has reached its chosen height, it sways to right or left! It is the modestest sweet flower, too—a very nun among roses. Youth is so pallid that age cannot fade it—blown petals drop to earth, as delicately pink as when they opened to the wind. The scent of them is full of comfort to the weary, the heavy-laden. Hummingbirds haunt the flower. You may see them at rest, upon some dead twig, preening their green splendors, or sidling one against the other in the prettiest affectionate by-play. There, too, the wild bee sucks, the butterflies hover. Especially when the sweet-briar grows within sound of running water.

The painted gentry haunt such spots. In clouds they settle upon damp earth, both wings set together above the back. There they creep and hover for hours of summer weather. Whatever flower stands close at hand has the chance to grow envious of their gaudy splendors. Yellow wings and black, and tawny brown, and peacock green, and gorgeous orange, all velvet-

spotted, or shaded in most enchanting fashion, flash about the rooted flowers, that well might envy these, the flowers of the air. About St. Sweet-Briar most of all. They cling to her, from morning to night—sometimes even the night through. Yet she does not preen herself over such vassals. Morning, noon or night her breath, her flower is the same—a rest, a refreshment untold to the weary world. And if it happens that fate sets her beside a gayer rose, she blooms on and on, making up in sweetness for all she lacks in splendor, the benediction of the summer and the joy of them that pass.

MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

THE IRRESISTIBLE TEMPTATION.

For six-and-thirty years old Dobbs,
With industry intense,
Had painted "ads," of monstrous size
On every rock and fence.
He'd hang from top of beetling cliff,
At end of swinging rope,
And paint in letters big and black—
"Use KnockthespotSoap!"
On every rock that lined the road,
On side of barn and wall,
On boulder, crag and precipice—
He painted "ads," on all.
At length old Dobbs was gathered up
To mansions in the skies,
Whose peaceful residents long since
Have ceased to advertise.
When first the burnished jasper walls
Shone bright on Dobbs's view,
He stood as one in rapture lost;
An then he pensive grew.
And naught could cheer; those golden streets
Resplendent shone in vain;
Whene'er he saw those jasper walls
His face was drawn with pain.
At last when he no more could stand
That most distracting sight,
He got, one eye, his pot and brush
And stole out in the night.
Next morn a wild commotion filled
The bosoms of the blest—
On every jasper wall they read:
"SMOKE ONLY PUFFER'S BEST."

JOHN P. LYONS.

JOSEPH WAIT—A HERO OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE Fourth of July recalls a specific event, and, incidentally, events, which led up to and followed the Declaration of Independence, and yet on this great day of national festivity and rejoicing how few think of the heroes who gave their lives to purchase the freedom and prosperity which we enjoy. This train of thought was forcibly brought to mind as I stood by the grave of one of these now wellnigh forgotten heroes, but who, in his day, was a man of some note and position. Another thought also occurred to me, that the colonial wars which immediately preceded the Revolution formed an admirable, and, indeed, a necessary school for developing the spirit and courage of the colonists and preparing them for the eight years of terrible struggle with the veterans of Great Britain.

The grave to which I allude is that of Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Wait, an ancestor of the late Chief Justice Waite. The curious monument, or slab, which marks the spot stands entirely alone, surrounded by an iron railing, in a field behind a farmhouse, near Clarendon Springs, Vt. Even in that region there are very few who are aware of its existence. And yet it is in good preservation, and is one of the most singular relics of the rude sculpture of that primitive period of the fine arts in the United States. If for no other reason, this simple monument to the memory of a hero is well worth bringing before the notice of the people, while the achievements and character of Colonel Wait richly merit that travelers in that region should make a pilgrimage to his grave.

Joseph Wait was one of seven brothers who were born at Brookfield, Mass., and devoted their lives and energies to the border warfare of the times, and to repelling the incursions of the savages who scourged the New England settlements. After many years of terrible endurance and heroism as one of the most brilliant members of Major Rogers' celebrated corps of Rangers, Joseph Wait was one of the first to respond with the offer of his services when hostilities were declared

against the Mother Country. He was close at the heels of Ethan Allan when he entered Ticonderoga, and, soon after, received a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel. In that capacity he accompanied his regiment on the expedition against Canada, where he distinguished himself in the operations against Quebec. On the retreat he was mortally wounded, and died before he could reach home. His ability, courage and patriotism won for him a monument which, if rude in our eyes, was more costly and elaborate than most that were erected to the fallen heroes of that war.

There is no doubt that, if he had not been cut down so early in the war, Lieutenant-Colonel Wait would have attained a much higher position before the close of the Revolution. He was bred in the school that prepared Ethan Allan, Stark, Putnam, Morgan and Washington for Bunker Hill, the Cowpens, Trenton and Yorktown.—(See page 9.)

DEATH OF THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

In his tent of battle, at the outset of a new military expedition, the warlike Sultan of Morocco, Muley Hassan, died suddenly a few weeks ago, in the sixty-third year of his age. The whole of his long reign was marked by a succession of hostilities against neighboring princes, and in the greater number his arms were victorious. His favorite son, Abdul-Azis, aged sixteen, was immediately proclaimed his father's successor, under the guardianship and through the influence of Si-Fedoul Garnit, the Vizier of Foreign Affairs.

The camp of Muley Hassan, which was the scene of his death, is quite a little world in itself, under canvas. No less than sixty beasts of burden, camels and mules, are required for its transportation from place to place. Its general plan is as follows: A site being selected of about fifty metres in diameter, it is inclosed by a canvas wall, the exterior of which is decorated with designs in blue. Within the inclosure is raised the Sultan's tent, or *Koubba*, surmounted by a golden ball, and other tents surmounted by balls of zinc. One is for the women, twenty or thirty of whom invariably accompanied the Sultan, and others are for his officers and servants, or slaves, a great multitude of whom were always in attendance on him. The breaking-up of the camp was generally effected at an early hour in the morning, the tents being first taken down and the outer wall, or *tarabi*, last of all. The Sultan would then appear mounted on horseback, his forces—consisting of fifteen to twenty thousand men—would form in a column, the women following the rear-guard with their faces concealed, and surrounded with negro soldiers. While they passed, all who encountered them turned their heads away respectfully. When the Sultan was not in the field he generally resided at the Dar Maghzen (literally Government House) at Manakech. It consists of several pavilions surrounded by courts and gardens, and is reserved for the occupation of the Sultan, his wives and eunuchs.

Si-Mohammed Srair, the Vizier of War, is, after Si-Fedoul Garnit, the most important personage in Morocco. In the illustration on page 8 he is shown on his way to the Maghzen. It is feared by some that the advent of a new Sultan will revive some old domestic dissensions. Whether Abdul-Azis will prove equal to his responsibilities remains to be seen.

"WHY don't I go to work, mum?" said the tramp, repeating Mrs. Cranberry's question. "I'd only be too happy if I could get something to do in me own line of business."

"What might that be?" asked the sympathetic woman.

"Colorin' meerchaums, mum."

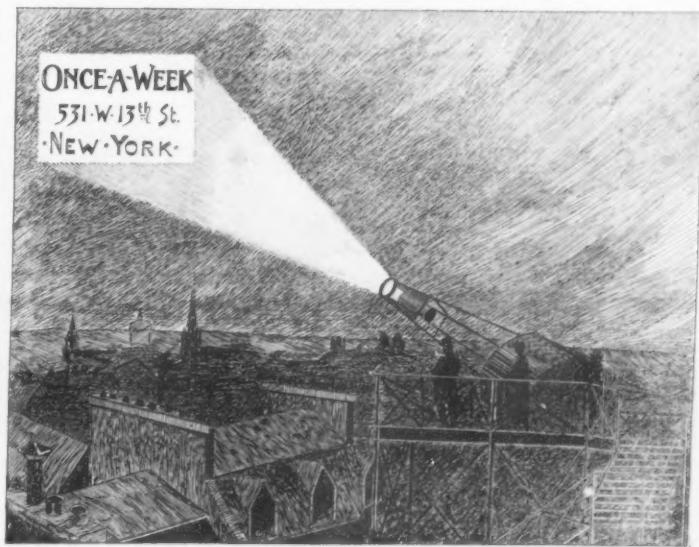
"BUT, my good man, sheep-shearing requires a man who is used to the shears."

"Well, that's all right. I have been engaged for three years in preparing editorials for an Oshkosh weekly."

AERIAL ADVERTISING.

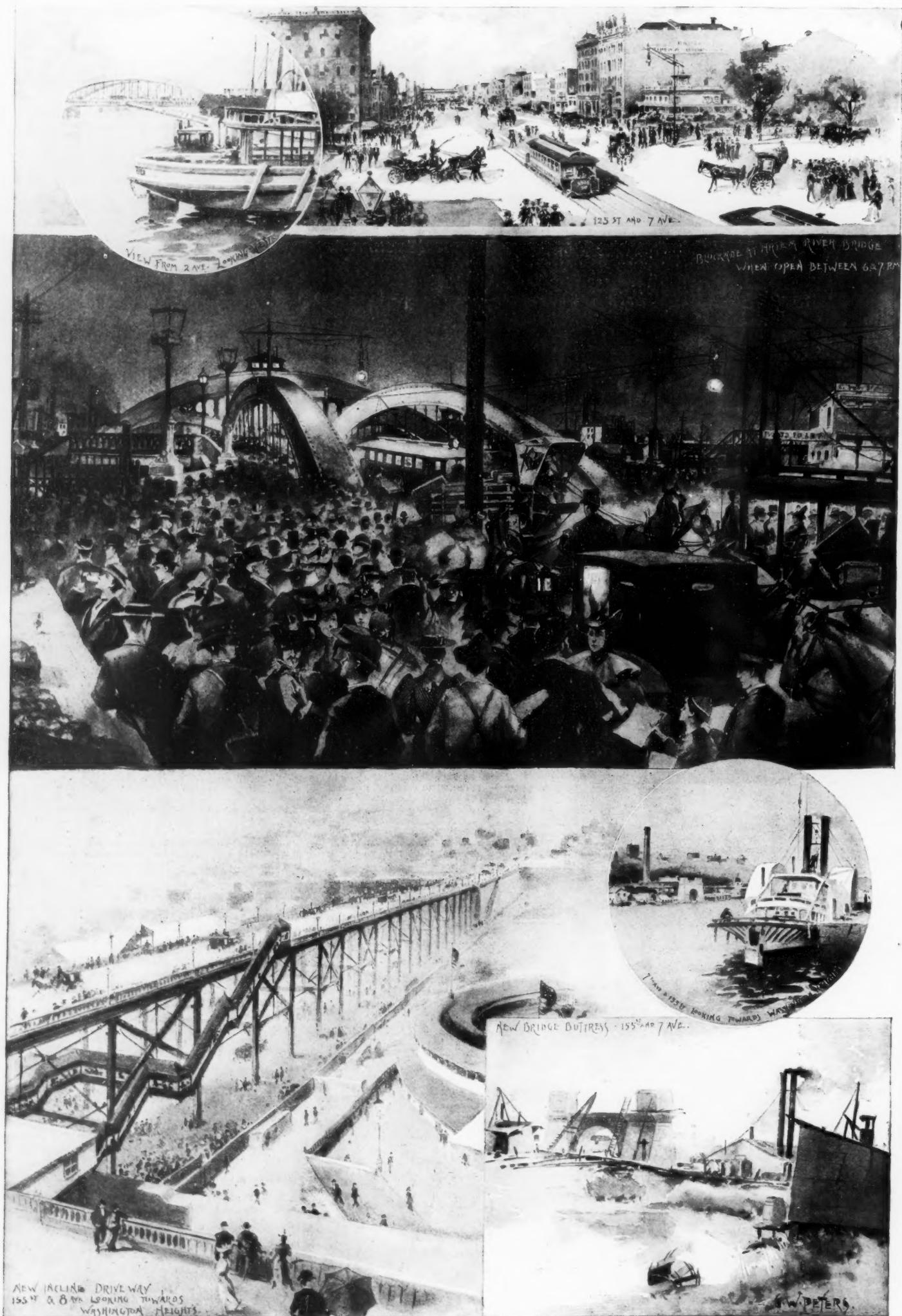
ONE of the latest developments of science applicable to the art of advertising is the invention of an apparatus by means of which advertisements may be reflected on the clouds. The action of this apparatus is shown in the accompanying cut. A circular lamp is fed by a current of electricity of 150 amperes, and with an electro-motive force of 110 volts. The amount of electric energy required for the successful working of the machine costs nearly three dollars per hour. The rays cast by the lamp are reflected by a Mangin reflector, 75 centimeters in diameter, on a lens 25 centimeters in diameter, which renders them parallel. In front of the lens is placed a piece of cardboard in which designs, or letters, are cut out. The apparatus is mounted on a pivot, which permits of the reflection being cast at any angle. When the sky is clouded, the clouds serve as a background for the reflection; but when it is clear, clouds are provided by means of artificially produced vapors, or columns of smoke, projected in the air.

A French scientist, commenting on the use of this invention, suggests that clouds be made by the evaporation of perfumed essences, many of which can be produced in the chemical laboratory at a minimum of expense. In this way the noisome odors of great cities could be counteracted, and the air above them filled with the fragrance of violets or lilies-of-the-valley.



ADVERTISING IN THE SKY

"SUMMER HOMES"—A beautifully illustrated book, list of over 3,000 Summer Hotels and boarding-houses in Catskill Mountains and Northern New York. Send six cents in stamps to H. B. Jagoe, Gen'l Eastern Pass, Agt. West Shore R. R., 353 Broadway, N. Y., or free upon application.



SKETCHES OF UPPER NEW YORK CITY.

(Drawn for ONCE A WEEK by G. W. PETERS.)



SEASIDE JOYS WITH THE THERMOMETER AT NINETY-EIGHT DEGREES IN THE SHADE.

Never mind What the Wild Waves are Saying this time, LISTEN TO US!

Is this fast enough to suit you? These misguided people have gone to the seaside to rest. I notice two of the chappies are in the water over their ankles—no doubt admiring that thin man who is taking the bath for muscle, and does not like the taste of that last roll. These chappies don't seem to know enough to keep out of the wet. The thin man ought to eat more, quit scheming, sleep o' nights, and keep away from the seaside. I think if he would, he might get fat quicker than he will out there making a show of himself for the chappies.

* * *

THAT is the same old striking machine they used to have at rural fairs up in old Pulaski County years ago when I was a boy. Wonder if that is a county fair—or a city fair—oh, I see—yes, that's what the chappies are grinning at, eh? That round man with the mug at his head, and the tough who is taking the round man's measure—I think they are both very foolish: the round man for drinking beer he don't need, and the tough for laying his plans, because surely that fat man knows how to take care of his own pocketbook.

* * *

THE salt air must give a keen edge to appetite, or that foolish man would not try to eat the frankfurter sausage. The whole scene is characteristic, anyhow. The picture is as true as if you saw it. And now we may have some idea as to where people go in summer and what they go for. They go to the seaside for rest, and they get it, when they go back to their work.

* * *

FOR real rest and recreation I recommend a year's subscription to ONCE A WEEK, ONCE A WEEK Library and the Premium Volumes—\$6.50, payable \$1.00 down and 50 cents a month thereafter. There is very little shade at the seaside, but a ONCE A WEEK subscription throws all other literary enterprises in the shade. They frequently rest there and drop into somnolence or innocuous desuetude while ONCE A WEEK publications and the great popular plan of subscription on the people's own terms is spreading over all the States and Territories and Provinces of North America.

* * *

PEOPLE may tire of the seaside, foreign travel may become monotonous, a trip to the mountains, an outing along the Susquehanna or the Connecticut or the Cumberland or the Des Moines or the San Joaquin may lose the relish of enjoyment at the end of a few weeks; and to all the people it is not given to know these delights, short-lived at best, though they be; but matters of human interest have always and everywhere a place in the minds and hearts of the people.

* * *

THERE is no ordinary person but can afford the rest

and recreation afforded by the literary combination we offer on the popular plan of subscription. A hot day, a cool shade, a grassy spot to recline upon, or an airy rustic chair to sit in; the glaring sun beating fiercely upon all the world besides; even in the busy metropolis in the park—give a healthy mind a healthy novel of the day, or one of the great standard works that are always full of the charms of human interest, and there is no rest, no recreation, no relaxation of the mind so profitable or so invigorating.

* * *

THEN every week his or her favorite illustrated weekly journal comes bright, cheerful and full of confidence in all the world, and through all the tumult of passion and the feverish unrest of the heated term. This journal that you are reading now will not set one class of our people against the other. We do not look for every public officer to be a thief or a protector of criminals. We are not making or trying to make minds disturbed, in order that turbulent, sensational articles, incendiary discussions, and alleged scandalous disclosures in high places may be afterward furnished to and demanded by an overwrought appetite for the unpleasant, the unseemly and the deplorable, in the public life of our public men. ONCE A WEEK is therefore a pleasant Summer visitor, radiant as the Summer Girl: never oppressive or sultry like the Summer weather, and never so exacting or so querulous as that peculiar Summer Boarder who expects the struggling farmer to banish all the mosquitoes in New Jersey.

* * *

No person ever read ONCE A WEEK without feeling better disposed to all mankind, and in better humor with himself. Such a wise and provident person can truthfully say that this journal is American first, last and all the time; that we believe in fair play and progressive, enlightened government; that we stand up for the Home; that organized labor has had our co-operation without being asked to look upon ONCE A WEEK as a champion self-appointed; that all political parties have received the endorsement to which their several good deeds and sound principles have seemed to entitle them; and that this journal never meddles in politics except when it has offered some practical suggestion and enforced it from the standpoint of independence and a disinterested ambition to see the whole American Union grow to what it ought to be. I say to you that, in this heated term especially, you cannot afford to be without the favorite American illustrated journal, ONCE A WEEK.

* * *

THE novel published every two weeks has given thousands of our American homes pleasant and instructive reading up to date. It has whiled away many hours that would otherwise have borne heavily upon the anxious and the careworn. The novel every two weeks

makes acquaintance easy with the great world of men and women not of our kin or language or form of government, as well as with the less known features of American life. To the subscriber who takes the full subscription of \$6.50 this novel of 288 pages costs less than four cents. We know that the reading of the same class of novels over and over again becomes dull and monotonous; in the ONCE A WEEK Library novels there is a constant variety, a continuous shifting of scenes and diversification of *dramatis personae*—all the nationalities and tongues and governments and social conditions of civilized man are represented, from one fortnight to the other. What better recreation and rest than this can one ask for? And, if the proper study of mankind is man, why is it not proper for you to become a reader of ONCE A WEEK Library?

* * *

Now, a word about the Premium volumes. Then you may turn to one of the other pages of rest and recreation that we send you this week. The Premium volumes include nothing but standard, cloth-bound books, beautifully illustrated and made, altogether, in the highest style of modern art in printing and binding. There are Scott, Byron, Milton, Dante, Carleton, Don Quixote, Washington Irving, Balzac, Banim, Gerald Griffin, Goldsmith, Tennyson, Moore, "Life of Napoleon the Great," "The Capitals of the Globe," "The American Dictionary of the English Language," "The Cyclopaedia of Social and Commercial Information," and many other valuable works. All these are superb books and masterpieces. They are regularly made, and not cheap-made. They are found to-day in thousands of the best libraries in the United States.

* * *

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SEASONABLE STYLES.

OME of the leading fashion journals declared, at the opening of the season, that the doom of the sailor hat was sealed, it being entirely superseded by the newer boat-shape. Of course, we all accepted the dictum with our usual meekness toward authority in matters of this nature, and hastened to prove ourselves up to date by duly purchasing hats of the required shape. But, though there is no denying the merits of the new style, a short experience with it sufficed to send many of us sneaking back to the well-beloved sailor, full of remorse for having ever permitted our affections to wander from it. For, with all its grace and simplicity, the boat-shaped hat lacks the lightness and charming little air of *laisser-aller* that clings to the indispensable sailor. It makes one look more formal and dignified, therefore less comfortable and independent, than in the saucy little round flat-rimmed variety, which latter, also, has the additional advantage of affording much greater protection from the sun, and being, therefore, more suitable to wear knocking about in the mornings when one doesn't care to hamper one's self with a parasol.

The best among the new shapes of sailor hats shown by the large dealers are of split braid, made bell-crowned, and with wide brims. A black ribbon band, about half the depth of the crown, is fastened at the left side in a flat butterfly bow. The price of these very smart-looking hats is three dollars and a half. Cheaper ones are shown, with high crowns and narrow brims, or with low crowns and wide brims; but the distinctive bell-crown is the hall-mark of elegance, only appearing in the high-priced hats. The figure in the new yachting gown wears one, which, however, has not been quite faithfully



drawn, as in the original, the crown is smaller at the base than at the top—a difference that does not appear in the sketch.

Three very pretty hats, suitable for visiting or for garden-parties, are given here. The first one is of green rustic straw, lined and trimmed with cream-colored lace, having coques of black velvet at the back, and enlivened with pink roses and their foliage. Black ribbon velvet ties are fastened at the left side.

No. 2 is a hat of gold-colored straw, with black feathers picturesquely arranged as trimming, and a spray of deep-red roses toward the back.

The hat in No. 3 is of black crinoline, trimmed with green satin ribbon, which



edges the under side of the brim, and a knot of which rests on the hair. A spray of pink roses, with buds and foliage, and accordion-plaited cream lace, complete the trimming.

A number of very pretty summer costumes are shown on this page. An exquisite gown for the promenade is that one made of light fawn-colored face cloth, with a draped collar of cream watered silk, edged with rich *écru* embroidery, that looks almost like lace. The bodice terminates at the waist with a double row of pearl buttons, and has a double

basque at the back. Long, slender points of the embroidery are placed over the hips. The effect is at once quiet and handsome.

The lovely taffeta gown in the sketch is distinctly new, both in texture and pattern. The skirt is made with full godet plait in the back, which lend it an appearance of great amplitude. The bodice could not well be prettier, and might serve, also, as a pattern for a silk or chiffon blouse. The sleeves are decidedly

make its appearance here. It is more elegant than a cape, as it has the advantage of showing off the figure. Being made with wide armholes, it can be worn over dresses and blouses with balloon sleeves, and, therefore, proves a most convenient as well as effective item of the summer wardrobe.

Already there is a falling off of customers in the large shops, and very soon we shall have the mid-summer sales, which furnish a perfect harvesting-ground for



novel. At the waist is one of those new large steel buckles, with a sash of black moire passed through it.

Still another new yachting gown. I consider these really the triumph of the season in dress-making. They are so delightfully suggestive of "a good time," and are invariably so becoming! The one in the cut was designed by an English tailor, and made up in a peculiar shade of indigo-blue serge. The *garçon de café* coatee, as well as the skirt, is outlined with a broad naval gold braid. The buttons form not the least distinctive feature, being of serge, embroidered in the centres with the monogram, or crest, of the wearer in fine gold thread. The folded blouse is of white silk gauze, delicately embroidered in a dark-blue design, and has a large sailor collar attached, edged, first, with cream guipure, and then with a deep frill of the silk. The sleeves—observe!—are not as wide as in



house or walking-gowns, any exaggeration of drapery being considered out of taste in a nautical costume.

A pretty *toilette de visite* shown is in navy-blue crepon, edged with narrow cream guipure, and having a vest of cream accordion-plaited chiffon. The evening-gown in the illustration is of black spotted net, made over purple silk, trimmed with flounces of itself and rows of black satin ribbon. It could also be carried out in grenadine, or spotted black muslin, and finished with high neck and long sleeves for a day dress.

Draped skirts are not as much in vogue as might have been expected from the predictions made during the winter. In Paris, though all the leading dressmakers invented special models for their customers, they did not succeed in popularizing them, the straight, full skirts fitting close over the hips being still the first favorites. The probable reason of this is, that the bodices being so elaborately trimmed the general effect demands plainness in the skirt, or, at least, flatness, for borders of braid, embroidery, ribbon or lace are much used.

The sleeves of house-gowns—though, if possible, wider than ever—are being made shorter than before, many reaching merely to the elbow, but having a deep fall of lace around the edge. The effect of lace next the skin is always good, so this pretty fashion is certain to be admired, especially by our admirers-in-chief—men—who infallibly pronounce in favor of lace as one of the most becoming adjuncts to a woman's toilet.

A novelty in the shape of a sleeveless jacket has lately been introduced in Paris and London, and will, no doubt, soon

MADAME ALBONI, a well-known contralto, died, recently, abroad, and the news was cabled here and appeared in all the leading newspapers. Some of the smaller journals were the victims of an error in spelling, either on the part of the telegraph operators or reporters, and produced notices accordingly, stating that Madame Albani, the great *prima donna*, was dead, and furnishing biographical sketches of the lady. She may, therefore, enjoy the experience of reading her own obituaries, if it can be called enjoyable. Fortunately, according to the latest accounts, the Canadian *diva* is still in the enjoyment of perfect health, and, if there be any value in superstition, should be sure of another long term of life, from the fact of her death having been falsely reported.

MISS EMMA JUCH was married, on June 26, to Assistant District Attorney Francis T. Wellman of New York. Miss Juch had just recovered from a severe illness, but is now quite restored to health. All who have had the pleasure of hearing Miss Juch's melodious voice in song will heartily join in wishing her the highest happiness throughout her married life. Mr. Wellman is, indeed, fortunate to have captured such a prize.

WOMEN PATRIOTS OF THE REVOLUTION.

DURING the Revolution it was the custom in several of the States to take contributions of money, clothing and provisions in the churches for the Continental Army. These were generally taken on the Sabbath after service, or on Thanksgiving days, and were occasions of great interest and solemnity. The ladies contributed their cloaks and jewelry, the men wearing apparel of all sorts, money and provisions. A pleasing incident in connection with one of these occasions, showing the spirit of the women of that heroic age, is told of Madam Trumbull, wife of Governor Trumbull, of Connecticut.

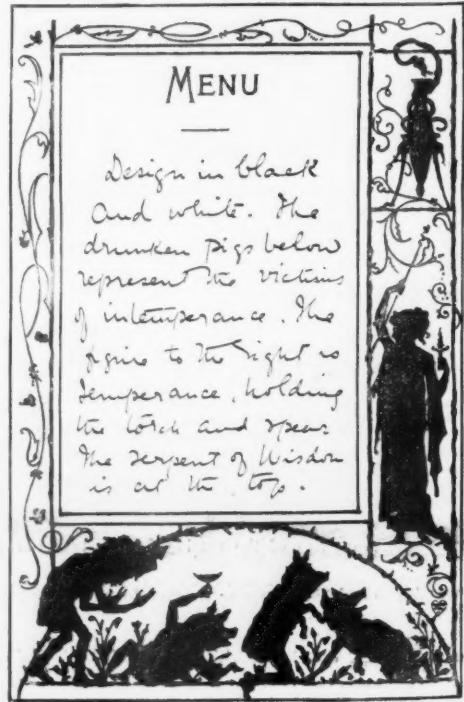
During the darkest hour of the Revolution one of these collections was ordered for the village church at Lebanon. The Governor was present, with Madam Trumbull at his side, the latter richly attired, as became her station, and wearing a beautiful scarlet cloak—the gift, it is said, of Count Rochambeau, commander-in-chief of the French forces then in America. Notice of the collection was given, and first to respond was Madam Trumbull, who rose from her pew, advanced to the altar and laid on it her scarlet cloak—an act of self-sacrifice that was followed by a shower of rings, earrings, bracelets and other feminine trinkets from the women, and by money, provisions and wearing apparel of all sorts from the men. The cloak is said to have been cut into narrow strips and used as trimming to stripe the uniforms of the American soldiers.

THE boy baby born to the Duke and Duchess of York, June 23d, may yet be King of England. The announcement of his arrival was received by all England at the principal theatres, though the youngster came into the world at 9.55 P.M.

ABOUT WOMEN.

MISS ELLEN TERRY has made a success of the new play, "Journey's End in Lovers' Meetings," written at her suggestion by John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie) and George Moore. William Terriss plays with Miss Terry. The play is now running in London.

MRS. LANGTRY has not been so fortunate with her new play, "A Society Butterfly," which enjoyed but a short run. The beauty had consented to pose as a "living picture" after the third act, personating the Lady Godiva, clad only in her flowing tresses. This fact, being publicly announced, drew a very large attendance. But, at the last, the Jersey Lily had qualms about that feature of the programme, and substituted for the "Godiva" picture another in which elaborate draperies entered. The audience felt deeply aggrieved, and the "picture" was publicly ridiculed. In consequence of this fiasco the theatre has been closed. It is now announced that Mrs. Langtry will make an American tour during the coming theatrical year.



Temperance Menu.

Mellin's Food

received the highest awards, Medal and Diploma, that were given to Infants' Foods by the World's Fair, but the voluntary selection and successful use of MELLIN'S FOOD at the Crèche, in the Children's Building at the World's Fair (10,000 Babies were fed with it there), by the Matron, Miss Marjory Hall, "after a fair trial of the other Foods," was, really, the highest award, as no other Infants' Food in the world was thus honored and endorsed.

OUR BOOK FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF MOTHERS SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

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"MOTHER'S" ROCKIN'-CHAIR.

There it sets beside the winder,
Where it used to rock an' break
To the hefty weight o' mother
Settin', darmin' stockin' feet.

An' sweet-smellin' honeysuckles
Straggle round the winder-place,
But they've stopped a-siftin' sunshine
Onto mother's smilin' face.

Winter snowin', Summer rainin',
Half a score has rained an' snowed
Since the rockin'-chair set, lonesome,
Empty of its dear old load.

Times is, when I set here quiet,
"Crost the room, an' seem to hear,
Nat'ral-like, the stiddy crackin'
Of the rockers to her chair.

Then I look up sudden, thinkin'
Mother must 'a' got back home,
But the winder's always empty,
An' the chair sets there alone.

Well, they ain't no use a-frettin',
An' I think, somehow or 'nother,
That there won't be much more waitin'
Till I go up home to mother.

An' I hope there's rockers yonder,
For it won't seem homelike there
To see mother settin', restin',
Only in her rockin'-chair.

—ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

SOME CURIOUS OBSERVATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":
Dear Sir—About ten years ago I was in a boat with my wife, and three other gentlemen besides myself. Each of the other gentlemen had lost the use of his right eye. I asked my wife, who had practiced medicine for ten years, if she could account for it. She said that, generally, a man loses the use of his right eye or right ear first, and women the use of the left ear or eye first. Since then I have kept a record of cases that came under my observation.

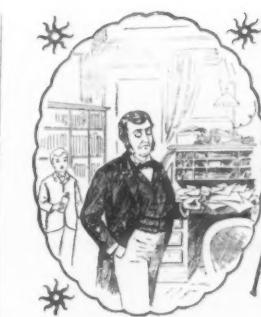
Not long after my wife, and the wife of a workman at our store, and the wife of one I used to dine with, were all paralyzed about the same time, each on the left side. I find, to sum up, that it is not universally so; but about three-fourths of the men are paralyzed on the right side and about three-fourths of the women on the left side. If the thing were well established, how many per thousand was the average, scientific men would like to know? When your subscribers are renewing, each might tell of cases in his vicinity, and the result might be of general interest to the public.

Respectfully yours,
HENRY N. STONE.
BOSTON, MASS.

SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.**A HYDRAULIC PROBLEM.**

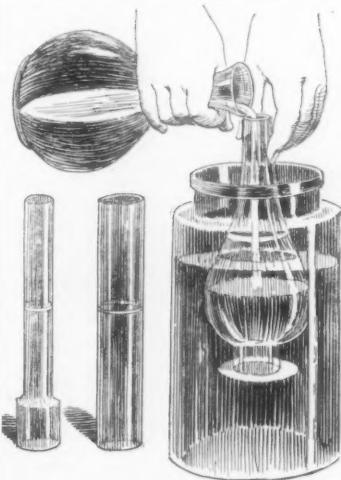
ANY horizontal surface, for instance a circular piece of cardboard, the lower side of which comes in contact with a liquid whose natural level is higher than the level of the cardboard so applied, experiences a pressure from below equal to the weight of a column of water having a base equal to the surface of the cardboard, and a height equal to the height of the liquid above it.

The above fundamental principle of hydraulics may be demonstrated by means of a jar three-quarters filled with water, three lamp-chimneys of different shapes and a circular piece of cardboard, to be applied as shown in the illustration. The first chimney is composed of two cylinders having different diameters; it is the same that is used for an ordinary oil lamp. The second, the chimney of a gas lamp, is a perfect cylinder. The third, the chimney of a petroleum lamp, presents a bulging appearance. The diameters of the bases of the three chimneys should be equal. On each of these glasses, at the same height, paste a strip of paper. Now place the cardboard under the smallest glass and plunge both carefully into the jar until the cardboard touches the surface of the water. The cardboard remains applied to the opening of the glass, and the water does not penetrate into the chimney. To make the cardboard fall, you have merely to throw water into the glass until the level of the water within it corresponds with that of the water without. Measure the quantity of water found requisite for this purpose and place the liquid in a separate vessel. Now introduce the second glass, with the cardboard applied to it in a similar way, into



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the jar and try to displace the cardboard by using the same quantity of water which sufficed in the first experiment. It will be found insufficient, and to succeed, more water must be added until the two



levels are equal. Finally, with the third glass, a still greater quantity of water must be used.

To sum up, whatever be the form or the capacity of the glass employed in this experiment, in order to counterbalance the pressure brought to bear on the cardboard from below, a sufficient quantity of water will be required to attain the level of the water in the outer vessel. Thus it is proven that it is not the weight of the water which forces the cardboard down, but the coincidence of the levels of both bodies of water. Thus is demonstrated in a convincing manner one of the most important principles of hydraulics, leading up to the principle of Archimedes concerning the equilibrium of floating bodies, and to other famous experiments.



thick layer of clear jelly with raspberry juice at the bottom. Let it harden; then place over it a second smaller mold full of pounded ice and fill the intervening space with liquid jelly. When it sets, take out the ice from the inner mold and pour into it warm water, to facilitate removal. Fill the hollow jelly form with the rice cream preparation, which has been thickening on ice, and mixed with two spoonfuls of whipped cream, some shredded pistachio nuts, candied pineapple and cherries. Cover the preparation with a layer of jelly and close the mold. Surround with ice for forty minutes. Then remove the mold, wash it quickly in warm water and turn out the contents on a dish. Decorate the top with an ornament of almond paste or some candied fruits.

LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENTS.

Mabel—"Oh, Madge, Jack just paid you the greatest compliment!"
Madge—"Really! What did he say?"
Mabel—"He said you looked like another woman."

Miss Youngthing—"Do you know, I heard a delightful compliment for you last night?"
Miss Oldthing—"Really, now; what was it?"

Miss Youngthing—"Why, Mr. Bulfinch said he thought you were wonderfully preserved."

Old Gotrox—"So you want to marry my daughter, on a salary of eight dollars a week?"

Young Gotrix—"But, sir, I have prospects of exceptional brilliancy."

Old Gotrox—"What are they?"

Young Gotrix—"Why, sir, any one can see how rapidly you're aging."

Now, one ought to have some idea of what Harveyizing a steel plate means. The illustration is given by contrast. An old armor plate, seventeen inches thick, not Harveyized, was set up at Indian Head Proving Ground recently and fired at under the same conditions as the Harveyized steel plates have been subjected to on several previous occasions. A thirteen-inch Carpenter projectile went clear through the old armor, back and all, and, after plowing through the sand butts against which the plate was bedded, kept right on. It, the projectile, was found as good as new in the woods, five hundred yards away. It will be remembered that the Harveyized plates occasionally resist the point of the projectile entirely. So this is the difference between the old plates and the Harveyized plates.

**BY A BLUE APRON.**

FRIED BANANAS WITH CHERRY SAUCE.—Cut fine ripe bananas lengthwise in halves. Roll them first in finely crumbed macaroons, then in flour. Fry in boiling oil until brown. Drain on a cloth and brush over with apricot marmalade. Pile them on a dish in the form of a pyramid and sprinkle thickly with pistachio nuts, blanched and shredded. For sauce, melt four large tablespoonsfuls of currant jelly in a saucepan, diluting with syrup. Let it boil a few times, then strain through a fine sieve; add to it one gill of kirsch and a small cupful of preserved cherries, previously washed in hot water.

RICE WITH CREAM AND RASPBERRIES.—Cook about a pound of rice with cream, sweeten slightly and add half a pint of almond milk (which is made by pounding half a pound of blanched almonds, with a few spoonfuls of cold water and two spoonfuls of orange-flower water, to a fine paste, then further diluting with a pint of water and straining forcibly through a linen bag.) When the mixture is cold, set into a small tin vessel and work in two gills of syrup flavored with lemon peel, and mingled with half the quantity of calf's-foot jelly, sweetened and clarified. Set a wide mold in pounded salted ice and put in it an inch-

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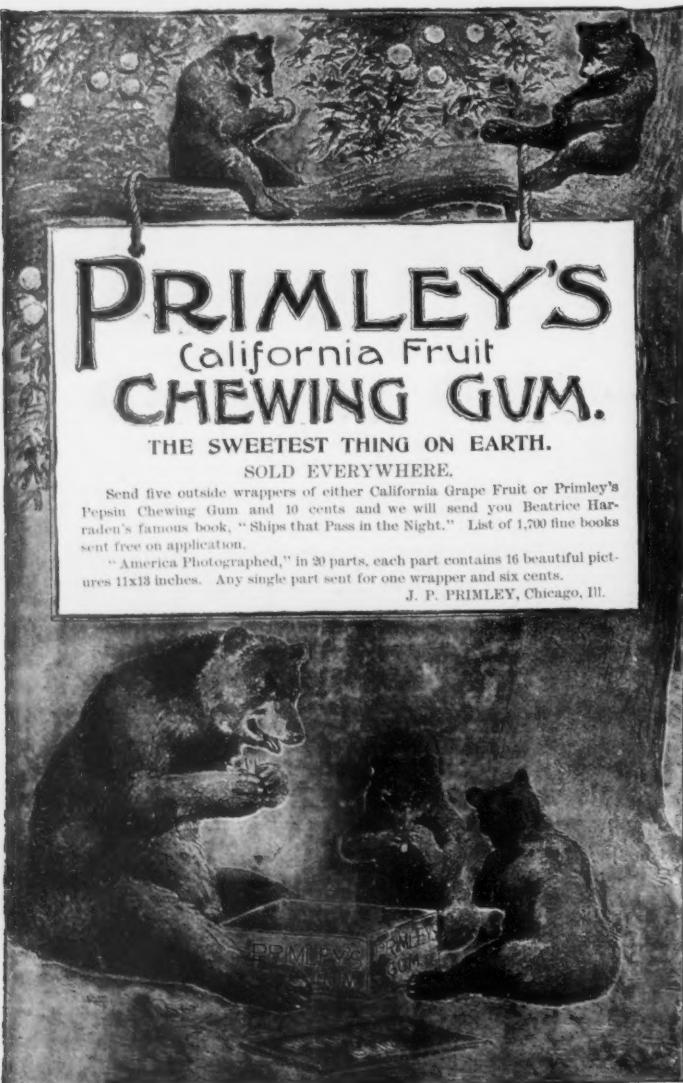
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SUR—"No! Mr. Harding, it can never be. But I will always be a sister—" He (rising)—"Oh, that's the deal, is it? Well, then, sister, if you've got your thimble handy, I wish you would sew up the knees of my trousers that I have sacrificed in finding out our relationship."



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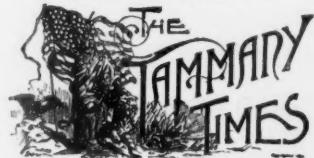
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